



Cruikshanks del.

Barlow sculp.

*The Peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T'inclose the Lock, now joins it to divide. Pope.*

Published as the Act directs by J. Roach Woburn Street opposite New Drury Theatre Royal Sep^r 21st 1795.



Cruikshanks del.

Barlow sculp.

*The Peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T'inclose the Lock, now joins it to divide. Pope.*

Published as the Act directs by J. Roach Woburn Street opposite New Drury Theatre Royal Sep: 21. 1795.

Roach's,
Beauties of the Poets
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

Carefully Selected & Arranged
 From the Works of
The most Admired Authors,
 Particularly.

<i>Milton.</i>	<i>Blair.</i>	<i>Beattie.</i>
<i>Pope.</i>	<i>Gray.</i>	<i>Moore.</i>
<i>Dryden.</i>	<i>Prior.</i>	<i>Chatterton.</i>
<i>Thomson.</i>	<i>Shenstone.</i>	<i>Buckingham.</i>
<i>Addison.</i>	<i>Waller.</i>	<i>Duncombe.</i>
<i>Goldsmith.</i>	<i>Comper.</i>	<i>Armstrong.</i>
<i>Johnson.</i>	<i>Collins.</i>	<i>Percy.</i>
<i>Young.</i>	<i>Parnell.</i>	<i>Cotton.</i>

&c. &c.

- In Six Volumes

VOL. III.



L O N D O N.

Printed by J. Roach, at the Britannia Printing Office.
 Weburn Street, New Drury Theatre Royal. 1794.



The

RAPE of the LOCK,

by Alex^r. Pope Esq^r.

RURAL SPORTS,

by John Gay.

The Book Worm

By D^r. Parnell.

THE FIRE SIDE,

by Cotton.

LEVEN WATER,

by Smollet.



*Devolving from thy Parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make.*

Smollet.

LONDON

Printed by & for JRoach Woburn Street opposite New drury Theatre Royal 1795.



THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK,

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR, 1712.

To Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh, not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design; for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The

Vol. III, 9.

A

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels or demons are made to act in a poem. For the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies : let an action be ever so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady ; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrusians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Compte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According

to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes* or *Demons* of earth delight in mischief; but the *Sylphs*, whose habitation is in the air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable; for they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation to chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end; except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence. The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

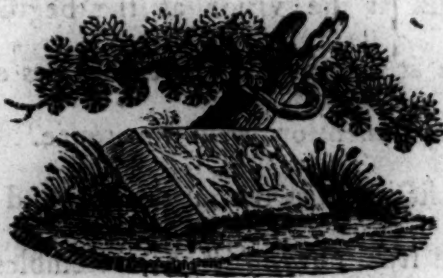
If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it

should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you, that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A. POPE.



THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

*Noluerum, Belinda, tues violare capillss ;
Sed juvat hoc me tribuisse tuis.* MARTIAL.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things
I sing. This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This even Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes which must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest :
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
 A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her heart to glow,)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !
 If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught :
 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circle green;
 Or virgins visited by angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs ;
 Hear and believe ! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd :
 What though no credit doubting wits may give ?
 The fair and innocent shall still believe,
 Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky :
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As new your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould ;

Thenn

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air.
 Think not when woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead :
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards,
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
 And love of ombre, after death survive.
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire :
 The sprites of fiery termagents in flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam,
 The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
 Know farther yet ; whoever fair and chaste,
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd ;
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
 'Tis but the Sylphs, the wise celestials know,
 Tho' honor is the word with men below.

Some

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For pride predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace;
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And garters, stars and coronets appear,
 And, in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Oft when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but to another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving toyshop of their heart:
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive. [strive,
 This erring mortals levity may call,
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star

I saw

I saw, alas! some dread events impends,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descends:
 But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by the Sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose, is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of man!

He said: when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
 Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
 And now, unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First, rob'd in white, the intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior priestess at her altar's side,
 Trembling, beigns the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white:
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.

Now

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener light'nings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
 These set the head, and those divide their hair:
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst other plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

C A N T O II.

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames,
 Fair nymphs, and well dress'd youths, around her shone.
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends;
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet gracefull ease, and; and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles have faults to hide:

If

If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
 This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey ;
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd ;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd,
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
 For when succes a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd,
 Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd ;
 But chiefly love, to love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt,
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves :
 And all the trophies of his former loves :
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain and long possess the prize.
 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r
 The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds, along the waters die :
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph, with careful thoughts oppress,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast !
 He summons straight his denizens of air ;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold :
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes ;
 While ev'ry beam new transient colour stings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd ;
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear !
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
 By laws eternal to th' aerial kind,

Some

Some in the fields* of purest ether play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
 Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night;
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempest on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.
 Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay, oft in dreams invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force or flight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night,
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;

Or stain her honor, or her new brocade :
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall,
 Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair ;
 The flutt'ring fan be Zepyretta's care ;
 The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign ;
 And, *Momentilla*, let the watch be thine ;
 Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite lock !
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
 To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the petticoat ;
 Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale ;
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins ;
 Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes he,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye ;
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;
 Or alum styptics with contracting power
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flower :
 Or, as *Ixion* fix'd, the wretch to feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend,
 Some, orb in ord, around the nymph extend ;
 Some thried the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her air ;
 With beating hearts the dire events they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

C A N T O III.

CLOSE by those meads for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes ist name.
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;
 Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste a while the pleasures of a court ;
 In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
 At ombre singly to decide their doom,
 And swells her breasts with conquests yet to come;
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank he bore;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
 Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
 And four fair queens whose hand sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillo first, unconquerable lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field,
 Him Basto follow'd; but, his fate more hard,
 Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
 The rest his many-colour'd coat conceal'd.
 The rebel-knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th'imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Clubs' black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 'Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride;
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
 The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
 Th'embroider'd king, who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Dimonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs pomiscuous strow the level green.

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
 In heaps on heaps : one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
 She sees and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille,
 And now (as oft in some distember'd state)
 On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate :
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth : the King unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen,
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky ;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.

O, thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo, the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round !
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoaking tide :

At once they gratify their scent and tast,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
 Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his finger's ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head,
 Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twich'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near,
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;

As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,*
 T'inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
 Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again,)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
 From the fair head for ever and for ever.

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last!
 Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,

While

* See the Plate.

While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
 What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate;
 Steel could the labours of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th'imperial tow'rs of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
 The conq'ring force of unresisted steel?

C A N T O IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
 And secret passion labour'd in her breast.

Not youthful kings in battle slain alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ardent ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome,
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkle form in black and white array'd;
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair ones feels such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
 Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
 And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
 Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
 A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
 Men prove with child, as pow'ful Fancy works;
 And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
 A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand,
 Then thus address'd the pow'r. Hail wayward Queen!
 Who rule the sex from fifty to fifteen:
 Parent of vapours and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit,
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.
 A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game:
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:

Hear

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her griefs away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her air unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spreads her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, *Wretched Maid*, replied)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper-durance bound;
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue; all our sex resign,

Methinks

Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say.
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost;
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?

'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by diamond't circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!

Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
 With earnest eyes and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out, 'My Lord, why, what the devil?
 'Zounds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
 'Plague on't! 'tis past a jest, nay prithee, pox!
 'Give her the hair.' He spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much, (replied the Peer again),
 Who speaks so well should never speak in vain,
 But by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honour shall renew,
 Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
 He spoke; and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head.
 But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd, in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which with a sigh she rais'd; and thus she said:

“ For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy, ah! ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh! had I rather, unadmir'd, remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way;
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
 O had I staid, and said my pray'rs at home!
 'Twas thus the morning-omens seem'd to tell;
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell:
 The tott'ring china shook without a wind,
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!

See the poor remnants of thes slighted hairs !
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares :
 These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ;
 The Sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate forsees its own ;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh, had'st thou, cruel ! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !

CANTO V.

SHE said :—the pitying audience melt in tears ;
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?
 Not so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd, and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan ;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began :

“ Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast ?
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford ?
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like adored ?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux ?
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains ?

That men may say, when we the front-box grace;
Behold the first in virtue as in face !'

Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away ;
Who would not scorn what housewives' cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks must turn to grey ;
Since, painted or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid ;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose ?
And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties, in vain, their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charm strikes the sight, but merit gains the soul."

So spoke the dame ; but no applause ensu'd ;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.

' To arms, to arms !' the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.

No common weapon, in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage ;

'Gainst

'Gainst Pallas, Mars, Latona, Hermes arms ;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight :
 Propp'd on the bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
 'O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,'
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 'Those eyes are made so killing' was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown ;
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair ;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes,

Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die ;
 But this bold lord with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd :
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;
 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titulating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side ;
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great-grand sire wore about his neck,
 In three seal-rings : which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown ;
 Her infant-grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew ;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd his mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

' Boast not my fall (he cry'd,) insulting foe !
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind :
 All that I dread is leaving you behind !
 Rather than so, ah ! let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames, but burn alive.'

' Restore the lock !' she cries ; and all around,
 ' Restore the lock !' the vaulted roofs rebound,
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain,

But

But see how oft ambitious aims are crost,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
 The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but ought in vain :
 With such a prize no mortal should be blest,
 So Heav'n decrees ! with Heav'n who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
 And beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse, she saw it upward rise,
 Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes ;
 (So Rome's great founder to the Heav'n's withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view.)

A sudden star is shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The Heav'n's bespangling with dishevell'd light.
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And, pleas'd, pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray,
 This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks throught Galilæo's eyes;
 And hence the egregious wizzard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
 For after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself must die:
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 Then all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
 This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

THE

P A R A L L E L.

By MATTHEW PRIOR.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day,
 Carv'd something like a man in clay;
 The mortal's work might well miscarry;
 He that does heav'n and earth control
 Has only pow'r to form a soul;
 His hand is evident in Harry,
 Since one is but a moving clod,
 Th' other the lively form of God.
 'Squire Wallis, you will scarce be able
 To prove all poetry but fable.

RURAL

RURAL SPORTS; A GEORGIC,

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE, 1713*

By JOHN GAY.

‘—Securi praelia ruris
Pandimus.’ NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th’ ungrateful hurry of the town ;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb’d, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listen to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows ;
While all his won’ring nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.
But I, who ne’er was blest by Fortune’s hand,
Nor brighten’d ploughshares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur’d,
Respir’d its smoke, and all its cares endur’d ;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th’ uneasy mind ;
Faction embroils the world ; and ev’ry tongue
Is mov’d by flatt’ry, or with scandal hung :
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to int’rest’s dearer ties ;

Each

* This Poem received many material corrections from
the Author since it was first published.

Each rival Michiavel with envy burns,
 And honesty forsakes them all by turns :
 While calumny upon each party's thrown ;
 Which both promote, and both alike disown.
 Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
 And sooth'd my harrass'd mind with sweet repose.
 Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
 Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
 My Muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
 And deck with rural sports her native strains ;
 And the same road ambitiously pursue,
 Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
 But all the grateful country breathes delight ;
 Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
 And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
 Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
 Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
 Where I behold the farmer's early care
 In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
 And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
 The labourer with bending sycthe is seen,
 Shaving the surface of the waving green ;
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
 And meads lay waste before his sweeping hand ;
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows ;
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws :
 But, if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
 Th' experienc'd swain forsees the coming hour ;

His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
 And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
 In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
 And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
 And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
 When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
 And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
 O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
 Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bow'rs,
 Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
 And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
 Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,
 Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
 Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
 With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
 Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
 And e'en at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
 And learn the labours of Italian swains;
 In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
 And all Hesperia opens to my eyes,
 I wander o'er the various rural toil,
 And know the nature of each diff'rent soil:
 This waving field is glided o'er with corn,
 That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
 Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
 Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
 Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
 And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:

The dewlapp'd bull now chafes along the plain,
 While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;
 His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
 The careful insects 'midst his works I view,
 Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
 With golden treasures load his little thighs,
 And steer his distant journey through the skies;
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend;
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears,
 Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
 And trudging homeward whistles on the way:
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
 Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
 No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
 To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire;
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
 Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
 To take my farewell of the parting day;
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
 The purple clouds their amber linings shew,
 And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below:
 Here pensive I behold the fading light,
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.
 Now night in silent state begins to rise,
 And twinkling orbs bestrew th' uncloudy skies;

Her borrow'd lustre glowing Cynthia lends,
 And on the main a glittering path extends ;
 Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
 Which round their suns their annual circles steer ;
 Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
 While I survey the works of Providence.
 O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
 The glorious Author of the universe,
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds :
 My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
 And my Creator's name inspire my lays !

As in successive course the seasons roll,
 So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
 When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
 And o'er the year a verdant mantle throws,
 No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;
 The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
 Float in the sun, and skim along the lake ;
 With frequent leap they range their shallow streams,
 Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
 Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
 And arm himself with ev'ry wat'ry snare ;
 His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye ;
 Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.

When floating clouds their spungy fleeces drain,
 Troubling the streams with swift decending rain ;
 And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
 Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide ;

Then, soon as veneral gales begin to rise,
 And drive the liquid burthen thro' the skies,
 The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,
 Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds ;
 Upon a rising border of the brook
 He sits him down, and 'ties the treach'rous hook ;
 Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
 His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught ;
 Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
 Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hairs he throws,
 Which down the murm'ring current gently flows ;
 When, if or chance or hunger's pow'ful sway
 Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
 He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
 And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat :
 Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line !
 How thy rod bends ! behold the prize is thine !
 Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
 And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use ;
 Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose :
 The worm that draws a long immoderate size
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies ;
 And, if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
 Whose polish'd tails & shining yellow stains ;
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
 Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss ;

Amid

Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun and look into the day :
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride :
Let nature guide thee ; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require ;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings :
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the sister's art.
So the gay lady with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air ;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear ;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly :
When he with fruitless pain has skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,

He shakes the bows that on the margin grow,
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw :
 When if an insect fall (his certain guide)
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide ;
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size ;
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
 And on the back a speckled feather binds ;
 So just the colours shine through ev'ry part,
 That Nature seems again to live in Art.
 Let not thy wary step advance too near,
 While all thy hope hangs by a single hair ;
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
 The speckled trout the curious snare approve
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,
 With natural motion from thy hand supplied
 Against the stream now gently let it play,
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
 The scaly shoals float by, and seize with fear,
 Behold their fellows tost in their thinner air ;
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows
 And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
 And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food ;

Then

Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
 And bears with joy the little spoil away :
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake ;
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
 And now again, impatient of the wound,
 He rolls and wreathes his shining body round ;
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
 Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart ;
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
 While the line stretches with th' unweildy prize ;
 Each motion humours with his steady hands,
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands,
 Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
 He now with pleasure views the gasping prize
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;
 Then draws him to the shore with artful care,
 And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air :
 Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
 Stretches his quiv'ring fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race,
 Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chace ;
 (Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
 Darts thro' the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores :)
 Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
 And save from hoistle jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
 O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
 Perplex the fisher ; I nor chose to bear
 The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear ;
 Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take ;
 Nor trowle for pikes, dispeopl'ers of the lake ;
 Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
 No blood of living insect stain my line.
 Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
 With pliant rod, athwart the pebbled brook,
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,
 And with the furwrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

NOW, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
 Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
 Should you the various aims and toils rehearse,
 And all the fishermen adorn thy verse ;
 Should you the wide encircling net display,
 And in its spacious arch inclose the sea ;
 Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
 And with the soal and turbot hide the sand ;
 It would extend the growing theme too long,
 And tire the reader with the wat'ry song.

Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,
 Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain.
 When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
 And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn,

Now,

Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste! save the product of the bounteous year::
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches; now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns; he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!!

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Has safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blow;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey.
Now the warm scent assures the covey near;
He treads with caution, and he points with fear.

Then

Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry,
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,
 Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
 And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes.
 Or, when the sun casts a declining ray,
 And drives his chariot down the western way,
 Let your obsequious ranger search around,
 Where yellow stubble withers on the ground !
 Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
 But num'rous coveys gratify thy pain.
 When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
 And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade ;
 Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
 Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains ;
 In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
 While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
 But what's the Fowler's be the Muse's care.
 See how the well-taught pointer leads the way :
 The scent grows warm ; he stops ; he springs the prey ;
 The flutt'ring coveys from the subble rise,
 And on swift wing divide the sounding skies :
 The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain fight,
 And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
 Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand
 Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land :

Now

Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
 Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
 Not closest coverts can protect the game:
 Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
 The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
 The woods resound: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
 Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
 Let them on high the frightened hern survey.
 And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
 Nor shall the mountain lark the Muse detain,
 When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,
 While from each angle flush the glancing rays,
 And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
 Pride lures the little warble from the skies:
 The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chace, a pleasing task, remains;
 The hound must open in these rural strains.
 Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
 And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
 The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
 Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
 The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
 They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;
 Wide thro' the furzy field their rout they take;
 Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
 The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
 No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
 The distant mountains echo from afar,
 And hanging woods resound the flying war;

The

The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
 The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
 Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
 While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
 Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
 Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
 New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries;
 Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
 Till, spent at last, she pants and heaves for breath,
 Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, advent'rous Muse! hast thou the force
 To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
 To keep thy foot unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
 O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
 Can'st thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
 Or the strong fox thro' all his arts detect?
 The theme demands a more experienced lay:
 Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
 And all the ravages of hostile arms!
 And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
 On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
 Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
 And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
 No barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
 Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
 No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
 Nor crackling fires devour your promis'd gain;

No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
 The dreadful signal of invasive war ;
 No trumpet clangour wounds the mother's ear,
 And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
 In cheerful labour while each day she spends !
 She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
 (Such in happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
 Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame) :
 She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins ;
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease ;
 Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs :
 Her reputation, which is all her boast,
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost ;
 No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
 If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
 An equal passion warms her happy swain.
 No home-bred jars her quiet state controul,
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul ;
 With secret joy she sees her little race
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace ;
 The fleecy ball the busy fingers cull,
 Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool.

Thus

Thus slow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life ;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love ;
Ye murm'ring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul ;
Farewell ! the city calls me from your bowers :
Farewell, amusing thoughts, and peaceful hours !

P A S S I O N S.

By Dr. YOUNG.

WHEN Reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of the licentious follies keep
The radiant track of glory ; passions then
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant Reason,
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence ; and, smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame for high renown.

THE
BOOK WORM.

By Dr. PARNELL.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The Book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand author's lives :
Through all the fields of wit he flies,
Dreadful his wit with clust'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go,
To tear some modern wretch below.
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat ;
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat,]
But who the shelter's forc'd to give ?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live !
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along ;

Vol. III, 9.

E

He

He mounts the gilded edge before;
 He's up, he scuds the covert o'er;
 He turns, he doubles, there he pass'd;
 And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
 The sweetest servant of the Muse,

(Nay, never offer to deny
 I took thee in the fact to fly.)

His roses nipt in ev'ry page,

My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;

By thee my Ovid wounded lies;

By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;

Thy rapid teeth have half destroy'd

The work of love in Biddy Floyd;

They rent Belinda's locks away,

And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.

For all, for ev'ry single deed,

Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.

Then fall a victim to the Nine,

Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,

To pile a sacred altar here.

Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,

You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;

You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;

Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim, there he lies,

And here between his num'rous eyes

This venerable dust I lay,

From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take
 (For the libation's yet to make)
 A health to poets ! all their days
 May they have bread as well as praise :
 Sense may they seek, and less engage
 In papers fill'd with party rage.
 But, if that riches spoil their vein,
 Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
 With which my tuneful pens are made.
 I strike the scales that arm thee round,
 And twice and thrice I print the wound ;
 The sacred altar floats with red,
 And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
 This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand !
 Lay bare this monster's entrails here,
 To see what dangers threat the year :
 Ye gods ! what sonnets on a wench !
 What lean translations out of French !
 'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
 S— prints before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
 The sacred altar should be clean.
 Oh ! had I Shadwell's second bays,
 Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays !
 (Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
 I never miss'd your works till now)
 I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine
 (That only way you please the Nine ;)

But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin
I hang the scales that brac'd it in ;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down :

- ‘ This trophy from the Python won,
- ‘ This robe in which the deed was done,
- ‘ These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
- ‘ Hung on these shelves, the Muses seat,
- ‘ Here ignorance and hunger found
- ‘ Large realms of wit to ravage round ;
- ‘ Here ignorance and hunger fell ;
- ‘ Two foes in one I sent to hell.
- ‘ Ye poets, who my labourers see,
- ‘ Come share the triumph all with me !
- ‘ Ye critics, born to vex the Muse,
- ‘ To mourn the grand ally you lose.’

THE
FIRE SIDE.

By Dr. COTTON.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud
In Folly's maze advance ;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employ ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joy.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark ;
 Giving her vain excursion o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
 We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
 That marriage rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good,
 A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
 If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise :
 We'll form their minds with studious care,
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs ;
 They'll grow in virtue every day,
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot;
Monarchs ! we envy not your state ;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
But then how little do we need !
For nature's calls are few :
In this the part of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide ;
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours given ;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part ;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
 Since winter's life is seldom sweet;
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
 The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we'll go;
 Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

By Dr. SMOLLETT.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrent stain the limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave the crystal flood :
The springing trout, in speckled pride ;
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
The silver eel, and mottled par,
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges, flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen ;
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail ;
And shepherds piping in the dale ;

And

And ancient faith, that knows no guile ;
 And industry, imbrown'd with toil ;
 And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard.

PLEASURES OF MEDITATIONS.

By EDWARD YOUNG.

FROM dreams, where thought in fancy's maze runs
 To Reason, that heaven-lighted lamp in man [mad,
 Once more I wake ; and at the destin'd hour,
 Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
 I keep my assignation with my woe.

O ! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !
 Who think it solitude to be alone.
 Communion sweet ! communion large and high !
 Our Reason, Guardian Angel, and our God !
 Then nearest these, when others most remote ;
 And all, ere long, shall be remote but these.
 How dreadful then to meet them all alone,
 A stranger ! unacknowledg'd ! unapprov'd !
 Now woo them ; wed them ; bind them to thy breast ;
 To win thy wish, creation has no more ;
 Or if we wish a fourth, is is a friend——
 But friends how mortal ! dang'rous the desire !

THE
DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

By MATTHEW PRIOR.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains ;
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow !)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.
The nymphs and shepherds round him came ;
His grief some pity, others blame ;
The fatal cause all kindly seek ;
He mingled his concern with theirs ;
He gave 'em back their friendly tears ;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.
Clorinda came among the rest,
And she, too, kind concern exprest,
And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.
The shepherd rais'd his mournful head ;
And will you pardon me, he said,

While

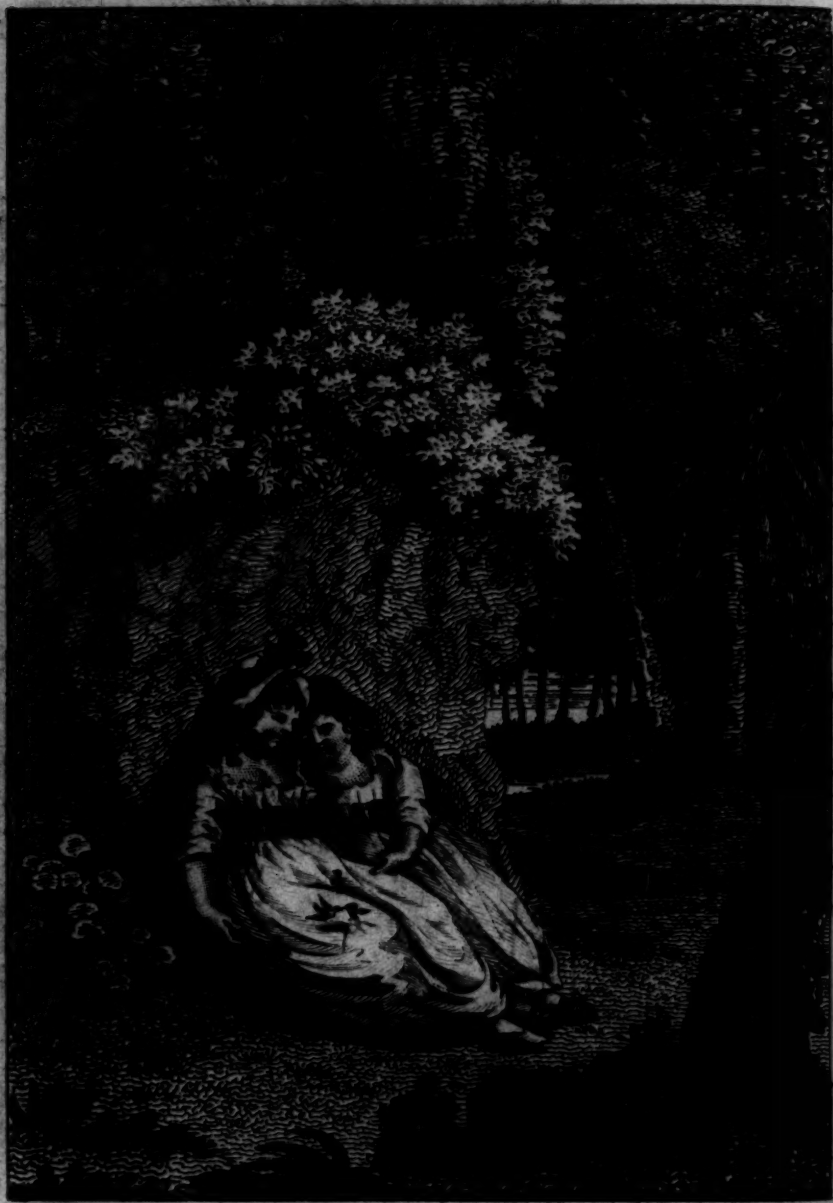
While I the cruel truth reveal,
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell?
 'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain;
 You are the cause of all my care:
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart;
 I love and I despair,
 Too much Alexis, I have heard:
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd:
 But you shall promise ne'er again,
 To breathe your vows or speak your pain.
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

5 OC 57
 By MATTHEW PRIOR.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
 His spouse is in despair;
 With frequent sobs and mutual cries
 They both express their care.
 A diff'rent cause, says parson Sly,
 The same effect may give;
 Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
 His wife that he may live.

5 OC 57



Cruikshank delin.

Barlow sculp.

*Behold with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,
Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn
Folded in one another's arms they lie.*

Published as the Act directs, by J. Roach, Russell Court opposite new Drury Theatre Royal.

The
MINSTREL.

by Dr. Beattie.
(On M.^r Abraham Cowley's
DEATH and BURIAL amongst the
ANCIENT POETS,

— by Denham. —

The **POST COMES IN** *&c.)*

by M.^r Cowper

&c. &c.



L O N D O N

Printed by & for J. Roach, Russel Court opposite to new Drury Theatre Royal

Price Six Pence.



RURAL ELEGANCE.

AN ODE TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

Written 1750.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew drops catch the lucid ray,
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn
Will aught the Muse inspire?
Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!
Ye rural Thanes! that o'er the mossy down
Some panting tim'rous hare pursue,
Does Nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urg'd by rude constraint, resound the jovial cry?

See from the neighb'ring hill, forlorn,
The wretched swain your sports survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed,

Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye Swains! conclude
That Nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls and your conception crude,
The proud, the selfish, boast disown:
Your's be the produce of the soil;
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain!

But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your-eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true;
But tho' the pebbled shores among
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the spring her flow'ry robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.

O let

O let a rural conscious Muse,
 For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
 Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
 And span the massy trunk before you cry, 'Tis fair.
 Nor yet ye Learn'd! not yet, ye Courtly Train!
 If haply from your haunts ye stray
 To waste with us a summer's day,
 Exclude the taste of ev'ry swain,
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
 'Tis Nature only gives exclusive right
 To relish her supreme delight:
 She, where she pleases, kind or coy,
 Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
 By her auspicious aid refin'd,
 Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
 Or humble harebell paints the plain,
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
 Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
 For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
 The mountain swells, the dale subsides:
 Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wand'ring sight,
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.
 With what suspicious fearful care
 The sordid wretch secures his claim,
 If haply some luxurious heir
 Should alienate the fields that wear his name!

What scruples left birth some future
 Should litigate a span of earth!
 Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,
 The tow'ring Muse endures not to disclose;
 Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
 More comprehensive and more free,
 Her lavish'd charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd,
 When, to confirm his lofty plea,
 In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Veneuan weds the sea:
 Each laughing Muse derides the vow;
 Ev'n Adria scorns the weak embrace.
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
 Allotted, from his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle shores in dow'r.
 His breast, to admiration prone,
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant ev'ry grace,
 And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with Form's oppressive laws,
 When Somerset avoids the great,
 When, cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat,
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,
 And feel the truth my numbers tell?

When

When, deafen'd by the loud acclaim
 Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
 Could she not more delighted hear
 Yon' throng chant the rising year?
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
 To crop the primrose of the plains?
 Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
 Lost to the sons of Pow'r, unknown to half mankind?

Ah! can she covet there to see
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
 That oil the tongue and bow the knee,
 That slight her merit, but adore her place?
 For happier, if aright I deem,
 When from gay throngs and gilded spires,
 To where the lonely halcyons play,
 Her philosophic step retires:
 While studious of the moral theme,
 She to some smooth sequester'd stream
 Likens the swains' inglorious day,
 Pleas'd from the flow'ry margin to survey
 How cool, serene, and clear, the current gildes away.

Oh blind to truth, to virtue blind,
 Who slight the sweetly pensive mind!
 On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
 And ev'ry Muse prophetic smil'd.

Not that the poet's boasted fire
 Should Fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell,
 Or on the music of his lyre
 Each future age with rapture dwell;
 The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
 Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
 In all that glads the human heart;
 Yet these the spirits form'd to judge and prove
 All Nature's charms immense, and Heav'n's unbounded
 love.

And, oh! the transport most ally'd to song,
 In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
 To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
 And bid Arcadia bloom around;
 Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
 Or smooth below the verdant mead,
 Whether we break the falling rill,
 Or thro' meand'ring mazes lead,
 Or in the horrid brambles room
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom,
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene
 Reflect flow'rs, woods, and spires, and brighten all the
 scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
 O beauties never known to cloy!
 While Worth and Genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
 And ev'ry gentle breast partakes the joy;

While

While Charity at eve surveys the swain,
 Enabled by these toils to cheer
 A train of helpless infants dear,
 Speed whistling home across the plain;
 See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
 For half her graceless deeds atone,
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name,
 Of soft unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
 Search but the garden of the wood,
 Let yon' admir'd carnation own
 Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
 Not all for needful use alone;
 There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
 'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?
 Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
 Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?
 For sustenance alone? for use?
 For preservation? Ev'ry sphere
 Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear:
 And sure there seem, of humankind,
 Some born to shun the solemn strife;
 Some for amusive tasks design'd,
 To sooth the certain ills of life;
 Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
 New founts of bliss disclose,
 Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From

From plains and woodlands, from the view
 Of rural Nature's blooming face,
 Smit with the glare of rank and place,
 To courts the sons of Fancy flew;
 There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat,
 There had she lavish'd all her care,
 To form a scene more dazzling fair,
 And call'd them from their green retreat
 To share her proud control;
 Had given the robe with grace to flow,
 Had taught exotic gems to glow;
 And, emulous of Nature's pow'r,
 Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
 Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
 Moulded each rustic limb anew,
 And warp'd the very soul.

Awhile her magic strikes the novel eye,
 Awhile the fairy forms delight;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions thro' a purer sky,
 Where all is wond'rous, all is bright:
 Now, landed on some spangled shore,
 Awhile each dazzled maniac roves:
 By saphire lakes thro' em'rald groves:
 Paternal acres please no more:
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—

Th'

Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away !
 'Tis Nature only bears perpetual sway,
 We pierce the counterfeit delight,
 Fatigu'd with splendour's irksome beams ;
 Fancy again demands the sight
 Of native groves and wonted streams,
 Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
 Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes Disguise.

Then hither off, ye Senators ! retire ;
 With Nature here high converse hold ;
 For while like Stamford her delights admire,
 Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
 Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold ;
 Beneath the British oak's majestic shade
 Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid !
 Friendship in artless guise array'd,
 Honour and moral beauty shine

With

With more attractive charms, with radiance more
 Yes, here alone did highest Heav'n ordain [divine,
 The lasting magazine of charms,
 Whatever wins, whatever warms,
 Whatever fancy seeks to share,
 The great, the various, and the fair,
 For ever should remain;

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
 Or whence the joy' mid columns, tow'rs,
 'Midst all the city's artful trim,
 To rear some breathless rapid flow'rs
 Or shrubs fuliginously grim?
 From rooms of filken foliage vain,
 To trace the dun far distant grove,
 Where, smit with undissembled pain,
 The woodlark mourns her absent love,
 Borne to the dusty town from native air,
 To mimic rural life, and sooth some vapour'd fair?

But how must faithless Art prevail,
 Should all who taste our joy sincere,
 To virtue, truth, or science, dear,
 Forego a court's alluring pale,
 For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
 For that rich luxury of thought they love!
 Ah, no! from these the public sphere requires
 Example for its giddy bands;

From

From these impartial Heav'n demands
 To spread the flame itself inspires;
 To sift Opinion's mingled mass,
 Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
 Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
 Round the gay precincts of a throne
 With mild effective beams!
 Who bands of fair ideas bring,
 By solemn grot or shady spring,
 To join their pleasing dreams;
 Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy;
 They only that deserve enjoy.

What tho' nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
 Nor Naiad near their fountains rove?
 Yet all embody'd to the mental fight,
 A train of smiling Virtues bright
 Shall there the wise retreat allow,
 Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wand'rer's brow.
 And tho' by faithless friends alarm'd,
 Art have with Nature wag'd presumptuous war,
 By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
 In whom their gifts united shine,
 No longer shall their councils jar.
 'Tis her's to mediate the peace;
 Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien,

The

The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
 And havock and contention cease.
 I see the rival pow'rs combine,
 And aid each other's fair design:
 Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build,
 Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the field.

Begin, ye Songsters of the grove!
 O warble forth your noblest lay:
 Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
 Ye Leiv'rets! freely sport and play.
 —Peace to the strepent horn!
 Let no harsh dissonance disturb the Morn;
 No sounds inelegant and rude
 Her sacred solitudes prophane,
 Unless her candour not exclude
 The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
 Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
 Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

THE
H E R M I T.

By Dr. BEATTIE.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:

'Twas then by the cave of a mountain reclin'd,
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Though mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd,
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe?
Why thus lonely Philomel flows thy sad strain?
For spring shall return and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain:

Yet if pity inspire thee, Oh! cease not the lay,
Mourn sweet complainer, man calls thee to mourning;
Oh! sooth him whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass, but they never return.

Now gliding remote on the verge of sky,
 The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays;
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze;

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
 But man's faded glory no change shall renew.
 Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more,
 I mourn, but ye woodlands I mourn not for you;
 For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew:
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;
 But when shall spring visit the mould'ring urn?
 Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

By AARON HILL.

When Christ at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine,
 Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
 See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd,
 The bashful stream hath seen its god and blush'd.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD;

OR, THE NORFOLK GENTLEMAN'S LAST WILL AND
TESTAMENT.

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing thee years old:
Th'other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.

The father left his little son,
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter Jane
 Five hundred pounds in gold,
 To be paid down on marriage day,
 Which might not be control'd :
 But if the children chance to die
 Ere they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possess their wealth,
 For so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children dear ;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else I have here :
 To God and you I do commend
 My children night and day ;
 But little while, be sure, we have
 Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle, all in one ;
 God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone.

With

With that bespake their mother dear :

O brother kind, quoth she,

You are the man must bring our babes,

To wealth or misery.

And if you keep them carefully,

Then God will you reward ;

If otherwise you seem to deal,

God will your deeds regard :

With lips as cold as any stone

She kifs'd her children small :

God bless you both, my children dear !

With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke

To this sick couple there :

The keeping of your children dear,

w eet sister, do not fear ;

God never prosper me nor mine,

Nor aught else that I have,

If I do wrong your children dear,

When you are laid in grave.

Their parents being dead and gone,

The children home he takes,

And brings them home unto his house,

And much of them he makes,

He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 When for their wealth he did devise
 To make them both away,

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take the children young,
 And slay them in a wood.
 He told his wife, and all he had,
 He did the children send
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
 Rejoicing at that tide,
 Rejoicing with a merry mind,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the way,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
 Made murd'rer's heart relent;
 And they that undertook the deed
 Full sore they did repent,

Yet

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
 Did vow to do his charge,
 Because the wretch who hired him
 Had paid him very large

The other wou'd not agree thereto,
 So here they fell at strife;
 With one another they did fight
 About the children's life;
 And he that was of mildest mood
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood;
 While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
 When tears stood in their eye;
 And bade them come and go with him,
 And look they did not cry:
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain:
 Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
 When I do come again.

These pretty babes with hand in hand
 Went wandering up and down,
 But never more they saw the man
 Approaching from the town:

Their

There pretty lips with blackberries
 Were all besmear'd and dy'd;
 And when they saw the darksome night,
 They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
 Till death did end their grief;
 In one another's arms they died,
 As babes wanting relief:
 No burial these pretty babes
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast painfully
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell,
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt a hell!
 His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
 His lands were barren made,
 His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
 Two of his sons did die;
 And, to conclude, himself was brought
 To extreme misery;

He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land

Ere seven years came about,

And now at length this wicked act

Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand

These children for to kill,

Was for a robbery judg'd to die,

As was God's blessed will:

Who did confess the very truth,

The which is here express'd;

Their uncle died; while he, for debt,

In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,

And overseers eke,

Of children that be fatherless,

And infants mild and meek,

Take you example by this thing,

And yield to each his right;

Lest God, with such like misery,

Your wicked minds requite.

RELIGIO

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so reason's glimm'ring ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
And found that one first principle must be:
But what, or who, that universal He;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;

Or

Or this great all was from eternity;
 Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see;
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind:
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground,
 One thought concern'd the good to be enjoy'd;
 This every little accident destroy'd;
 The wiser madmen did for virtue toil,
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil;
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would sleep;
 But found their line too short, the well too deep;
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul:
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;
 How can the less the greater comprehend?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.
 The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground!
 Cries *carüka* the mighty secret's found:
 God is that spring of good; supreme and best;
 We made to serve, and in that service blest.
 If so, some rules of worship must be given,
 Distributed alike to all by Heaven:

Else

Else God were partial, and to some denied,
 The means his justice should for all provide.
 This gen'ral worship is to praise and pray;
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay;
 And when frail nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
 Yet, since th' effects of providence, we find,
 Are variously dispens'd to human kind,
 That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
 A brand that sov'reign justice cannot bear;
 Our reason prompts us to a future state,
 The last appeal from fortune and from fate;
 Where God's all righteous ways will be declar'd;
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would soar,
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more,
 Vain wretched creature! how art thou misled,
 To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,
 But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
 And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
 Hence all thy nat'ral worship takes the source;
 'Tis revelation, what thou think'st discourse.
 Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
 Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
 Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found;
 Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.

Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
 Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
 Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
 Those giant wits in happier ages born,
 When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
 Know no such system; no such piles could raise
 Of nat'ral worship build on prayer and praise
 To one sole God.

Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe;
 But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
 The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;
 And cruelty and blood were penitence.
 If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
 Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
 And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
 By off'ring his own creatures for a spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
 And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
 Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
 Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel;
 And like a king, remote and weak, must take
 What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a pow'r too just and strong
 To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
 Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;

A must thy poverty could never pay,
 Had not eternal wisdom found the way,
 And with celestial wealth supplied thy store;
 His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
 See God descending in thy human frame;
 Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name;
 All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
 And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence
 Of man is made against Omnipotence,
 Some price that bears proportion must be paid
 And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
 See then the Deist lost; remorse for vice,
 Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
 What farther means can reason now direct,
 Or what relief from human wit expect,
 That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
 Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
 If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
 Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good,
 Let all records of will reveal'd be shewn;
 With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
 And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
 That impious, idle, superstitious ware
 Of rites, lustrations, off'rings, which before,
 In various ages, various countries bore,

With

With christian faith and virtues, we shall find
 None answ'ring the great ends of human kind,
 But this one rule of life, that shews us best
 How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
 Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
 The word is scarce more ancient than the law;
 Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age;
 First in the soul, and after in the page,
 Or whether more abstractedly we look,
 Or on the writers, or the written book,
 Whence, but from Heaven, could man unskill'd in arts,
 In sev'ral ages born, in sev'ral parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lye?
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
 Concurrent heathens prove the story true;
 The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
 For Heaven in them appeals to human sense;
 And tho' they prove not, they confirm the cause,
 When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.

Then for the style, majestic and divine,
 It speaks no less than God in ev'ry line;
 Commanding words; whose force is still the same
 As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
 All faiths beside or did by arms ascends,
 Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend,

This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
 Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
 Cross to our int'rests, curbing sense and sin;
 Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
 It thrives thro' pain; its own tormentors tires;
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires
 To what can reason such effects assign
 Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
 Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
 Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?
 But stay: the Deist here will urge anew,
 No supernat'ral worship can be true;
 Because a gen'ral law is that alone
 Which must to all, and every where, be known:
 A style so large as not this book can claim,
 Nor aught that bears reveal'd religion's name.
 'Tis said, the sound of a Messiah's birth
 Is gone thro' all the habitable earth;
 But still that text must be confin'd alone
 To what was then inhabited and known:
 And what provision could from thence accrue
 To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
 In other parts it helps, that ages past,
 The scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
 Till sin spread once again the shades of night;
 What's that to these, who never saw the light?
 Of all objections this indeed is chief
 To startle reason, stagger frail belief:

We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense
 Has hid the secret paths of Providence;
 But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
 Find, ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way;
 If from his nature foes may pity claim,
 Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.
 And though no name be for salvation known,
 But that of this eternal Son's alone;
 Who knows how fair transcending goodness can,
 Extent the merits of that Son to man?
 Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
 Or ignorance invincible may plead?
 Not only charity bids hope the best,
 But more the great apostle has express'd:
 " That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,
 By nature did what was by law requir'd,
 They, who the written rule had never known,
 Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
 To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;
 And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
 Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
 Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd,
 Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right
 Liv'd up, and lifted high their nat'ral light;
 With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
 While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.

Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
 Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind;

For thought his creed eternal truth contains,
 'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
 All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
 Unless the first could prove he was inspir'd.
 Then let us either think he meant to say
 This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
 Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
 The good old man, too eager in dispute,
 Flew high; and as his christian fury rose,
 Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path has tried;
 A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:
 Yet what they are, e'n these crude thoughts were bred
 By reading that which better thou hast read.
 Thy matchless author's work; which thou, my friend,
 By well translating better dost commend;
 Those youthful hours which of thy equals most
 In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost;
 Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd,
 And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
 Witness this weighty book, in which appears
 The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
 Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
 Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
 From gold divine; which he who well can sort
 May afterwards make algebra a sport.
 A treasure, which if country-curates buy,
 They Junius and Tremellius may defy;

Save pains in various readings and translations;
 And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.
 A work so full with various learning fraught,
 So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
 As nature's height and art's last hand requir'd,
 As much as man could compass, uninspir'd:
 Where we may see what errors have been made
 Both in the copyer's and translators trade;
 How Jewish, Popish, int'rests have prevail'd,
 And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
 Have found our author not too much a priest:
 For fashion's sake he seems to have recourse
 To pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
 But he that old traditions could subdue,
 Could not but find the weakness of the new:
 If scripture, tho' deriv'd from heavenly birth,
 Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
 If God's own people, who of God before
 Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
 In fuller terms of heaven's assisting care,
 And who did neither time nor study spare
 To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
 Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
 Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
 With vain traditions stop't the gaping fence,
 Which ev'ry common hand pull'd up with ease,
 What safety from such brushwood-herbs as these?

If

If written words from time are not secur'd,
 How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?
 Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
 Immortal lies on ages are entail'd :
 And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,
 If we consider int'rest, church, and gain.

O but, says one, tradition set aside,
 Where can we hope for an unerring guide ;
 For since th' original scripture has been lost,
 All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
 Or christian faith can have no certain ground,
 Or truth in church-tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient church we wish indeed ;
 'Twere worth both Testaments ; cast in the creed :
 But if this mother be a guide so sure,
 As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
 Then her infallibility, as well
 Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell ;
 Restore lost canon with as little pains,
 As truly explicate what still remains :
 Which yet no council dare pretend to do ;
 Unless, like Esdras, they could write it new :
 Strange confidence still to interpret true,
 Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
 Is in the blest original contain'd.
 More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say
 God would not leave mankind without a way :

And

And that the scriptures, tho' not every where
 Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
 Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
 In all things which our needful faith require.
 If others in the same glass better see,
 'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:
 For my salvation must its doom receive,
 Not from what others, but what I believe,

Must all tradition then be set aside?
 This to affirm, were ignocance or pride.
 Are there not many points, some needful sure
 To saving faith, that scripture leaves obscure?
 Which ev'ry sect will wrest a sev'ral way;
 For what one sect interprets, all sects may:
 We hold, and say we prove from scripture plain,
 That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
 From the same scripture urges he's but man,
 Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
 Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
 Assume an honest layman's liberty?
 I think, according to my little skill,
 To my own mother-church submitting still,
 That many have been sav'd, and many may,
 Who never heard this question brought in play,
 Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
 Plods on to Heaven, and ne'er is at a loss:

For

For the straight gate would be made straighter yet,
 Were none admitted there but men of wit.
 The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
 Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
 Must study well the sacred page; and see
 Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
 With the whole tenor of the work divine,
 And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design:
 Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
 And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
 Not that tradition's parts are useless here;
 When gen'ral, old, disinterested, and clear:
 That ancient fathers thus expound the page,
 Gives truth the reverend majesty of age:
 Confirms its force by 'biding ev'ry test;
 For best authorities next rules are best.
 And still the nearer to the spring we go,
 More limpid, more unfoil'd, the waters flow,
 Thus first traditions were a proof alone;
 Could we be certain, such they were so known;
 But since some flaws in long descent may be,
 They made not truth, but probability.
 E'en Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
 To what the centuries preceding spoke.
 Such diff'rence is there in an oft-told tale;
 But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
 Tradition written therefore more commends
 Authority, than what from voice descends:

And

And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history :
Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
Is tried, and after for itself believ'd.

The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume with wond'rous art
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame the church ; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t'interpret ? or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own ?
The books a common largess to mankind :
Not more for them than ev'ry man design'd ;
The welcome news is in the letter found ;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
If speaks itself, and what it does contain
In all things needful to be known is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance :
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know :
When what small knowledge was in them did dwell ;
And he a god who could but read and spell ;
Then mother church did mightily prevail ;
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail :
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her power to damn and save.

And

Scriptur^e

Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
 Poor laymen took salvation on content;
 As needy men take money good or bad;
 God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
 Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
 The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
 In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well.
 That by long use they grew infallible.
 At last a knowing age began t' enquire
 If they the book, or that did them inspire:
 And making narrower search they found, tho' late,
 That what they thought the priest's was their estate;
 Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
 How long they had been cheated on record.
 Then ev'ry man who saw the title fair,
 Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:
 Consulted soberly his private good,
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.
 'Tis true, my friend, and far be flatt'ry hence,
 This good had full as bad a consequence:
 The book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand,
 Which each presum'd he best could understand,
 The common rule was made the common prey,
 And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
 The tender page with horny fists was gall'd;
 And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd:

The

The spirit gave the doctoral degree;
 And ev'ry member of a company
 Was of his trade and of the Bible free.
 Plain truths enough for needful use they found;
 But men would still be itching to expound:
 Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
 No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
 Study and pains were no more their care:
 Texts were explain'd by fasting and by pray'r:
 This was the fruit the private spirit brought;
 Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought;
 While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
 About the sacred viands buz and swarm.
 The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
 And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
 A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
 A thousand more the perish'd race supply:
 So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,
 Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
 The danger's much the same; on sev'ral shelves
 If other wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
 The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
 Neither so rich a treasure to forego:
 Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know:
 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
 The things we must believe are few and plain:

But, since men will believe more than they need,
 And ev'ry man will make himself a creed,
 In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
 To learn what unsuspected ancients say:
 For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
 In search of heaven than all the church before;
 Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
 The scripture and the fathers disagree.
 If after all they stand suspected still,
 For no man's faith depends upon his will:
 'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
 Without much hazard may be let alone:
 And, after hearing what our church can say,
 If still our reason runs another way,
 That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
 For points obscure are of small use to learn;
 But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear;
 Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear:
 And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
 As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
 For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
 Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

ON MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S DEATH AND
BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT
POETS.

By Mr. DENHAM.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far,

His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd

Which our dark nation long involv'd :

But, he descending to the shades,

Darkness again the age invades.

Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,

Whose purple blush the day foreshews ;

The other three with his own fires

Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires :

By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines

Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines ;

These poets near our princes sleep,

And in one grave one mansion keep,

They liv'd to see so many days,

Till time had blasted all their bays ;

But curst be the fatal hour

That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flow'r

That in the Muse's garden grew,

And amongst wither'd laurels threw.

Time, which made their fame out-live
 To Cowley scarce did ripeness give
 Old mother Wit and Nature gave.
 Shakespear and Fletcher all they have ;
 In Spenser, and in Jonson, art
 Of flower nature got the start ;
 But both in him so equal are,
 None knows which bears the happiest share.
 To him no author was unknown,
 Yet what he wrote was all his own ;
 He melted not the ancient gold,
 Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
 To plunder all the Roman stores
 Of poets and of orators :
 Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
 He did not steal, but emulate !
 And when he could like them appear,
 Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear :
 He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
 Like Jason, brought the golden fleece ;
 To him that language (though to none
 Of th' others) as his own was known.
 On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
 The Theban swan extends his wings :
 When thro' the æthereal clouds he flies
 To the same pitch our swan doth rise ;
 Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
 When on that gale his wings are stretch'd :

His fancy and his judgment such,
 Each to the other seem'd too much :
 His severe judgment (giving law)
 His modest fancy kept in awe ;
 As rigid husbands jealous are,
 When they believe their wives too fair.
 His English streams so pure did flow,
 As all that saw and tasted know.
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,
 Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,
 That were immortal Virgil here,
 Him for his judge he would not fear ;
 Of that great portraiture, so true
 A copy pencil never drew.
 My muse her song had ended here,
 But both their Genii strait appear,
 Joy and amazement her did strike,
 Two twins she never saw so like.
 'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
 One soul might through more bodies pass,
 Seeing such transmigrating there,
 She thought it not a fable here.
 Such a resemblance of all parts,
 Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts :
 Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
 And shew the world this parallel :
 Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
 Still turning over nature's books :

Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
 Where profit and delight combine;
 They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
 Rustic philosophy rehearse.
 When heroes, gods, or godlike kings
 They praise, on their exalted wings
 To the celestial orbs they climb,
 And with th' harmonious spheres keep time :
 Nor did their actions fall behind
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd ;
 Each drew fair characters, yet none
 Of these they feign'd excels their own.
 Both by two generous princes lov'd,
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd.
 Yet having each the same desire,
 Both from the busy throng retire.
 Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
 Car'd not to propagate their kind :
 Yet though both fell before their hour,
 Time on their offspring hath no pow'r ;
 Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
 Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

THE POST COMES IN—THE NEWS PAPER
IS READ—THE WORLD CONTEMPLATED
AT A DISTANCE.

By Mr. COWPER.

HARK ! 'tis the twanging horn ! o'er yonder brid
That with its wearisome but needful length
Besrides the wint'ry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn ;
And, having dropt th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheek
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill ;
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally effect

This

His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But oh th' important budget ! usher'd in,
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are his tidings ? have our troops awak'd ?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
 Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave ?
 Is India free ? and does she wear her plum'd
 And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace ?
 Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,
 The popular harrangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;
 I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
 Not such his ev'ning who with shining face,
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeez'd,
 And bor'd with elbow-points thro' both his sides,
 Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage ;
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen all tranquility and smiles.

This

This folio of four pages, happy work !
 Which not e'en critics criticize, that holds
 Inquisitive attention while I read
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break—
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?
 Here run the mountainous and craggy ridge
 That tempts ambition. On the summit, see,
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his heels,
 Close at his heels, a damagogue ascends,
 And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
 And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
 Meanders lubricate the course they take :
 The modest speaker is aham'd and griev'd
 T' engross a moment's notice ; and yet begs,
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise,
 The dearth of information and good sense
 That it foretels us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here,
 There forests of no meaning spread the page
 In which all comprehension wanders lost ;
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
 With merry descants on a nation's woes,

The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks.
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
 Ætherial journeye, submarine exploits,
 And Katterfelto with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
 To peep at such a world. To see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd,
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a short murmur on th' unbiur'd ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generation ; I behold
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ;
 Grieves but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man,

Hear

Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
 By which he speaks the language of his heart,
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee
 From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
 The manners, customs, policy of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
 He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return, a rich repast for me!
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

F E E L I N G.

By *Dr. YOUNG.*

WHO never lov'd ne'er suffer'd; he feels nothing,
 Who nothing feels but for himself alone;
 And when we feels for others, reason reels,
 O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
 As love alone can exquisitely blefs,
 Love only feels the marvellous of pain;
 Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
 And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

A FRAG-

A F R A G M E N T.

By Mr. MALLET.

FAIR morn ascends: fresh zephyrs breath
Blows lib'ral o'er yon bloomy heath:
Where, sown profusely, herb and flow'r
Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly-pensive, Silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky:
While, winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The Monarch's bliss, the Beggar's wealth;
The seas'ning of all good below,
The sov'reign friend in joy or woe.
O Thou, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd,

Pow'r

Pow'r of the soft and rosy face!
 The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
 The spirits, when they gayest shine,
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
 O sun of life, whose heavenly ray
 Lights up and cheers our various day,
 The turbulence of hopes and fears,
 The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
 Till Nature, with thy parting light,
 Reposes late in Death's calm night:
 Fled from the trophied roofs of state,
 Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
 Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
 Hot Riot would his anguish sleep,
 But tosses through the midnight shade,
 Of death, of life, alike afraid;
 For ever fled to shady cell,
 Where temp'rance, where the Muses dwell,
 Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
 Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
 Or, on the brow of mountain high,
 In silence feasting ear and eye,
 With song and prospect which abound,
 From birds, and woods, and waters round,
 But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
 Flames forth intolerable day;
 While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
 With Thirst and Languor in his train

(All nature fix'ning in the blaze),
 Thou in the wild and woodly maze
 That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
 Impendent from the neighb'ring steep,
 Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
 Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plung'd amid the shadows brown,
 Imagination lays him down;
 Attentive, in his airy mood,
 To ev'ry murmur of the wood:
 The bee in yonder flow'ry nook;
 The chidings of the headlong brook;
 The green leaf quiv'ring in the gale;
 The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
 The distant woodman's aching stroke;
 The thunder of the falling oak.

From thought to thought in vision led,
 He holds high converse with the Dead;
 Sages or Poets. See, they rise!
 And shadowy skim before his eyes.
 Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
 That soften'd savages to men:
 Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,
 To whom its moral will was given.
 Fathers and Friends, of human kind!
 They form'd the nations, or refin'd.
 With all that mends the head and heart,
 Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.

Thus musing in the solemn shade,
 At once the sounding breeze was laid;
 And nature, by the unknown law
 Shook deep with reverential awe;
 Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
 A browner night involv'd the bow'r:
 When issuing from the inmost wood,
 Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.
 O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heaven,
 Great Charter with our being giv'n;
 For which the patriot and the sage
 Have plann'd, have bled, thro' ev'ry age!
 High privilege of human race,
 Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
 Who could not give, who cannot claim,
 What but from God immediate came!

* * * * *

By PRIOR.

WHEN Topewell thought fit from the world to
 retreat,

As full of Champaigne as an egg's full of meat,

He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,

He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.

Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied:

You may have forgot, you was drunk when you died.

ODE TO FEAR.

By Mr. COLLINS.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shewn:
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:

 Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!

 I see, I see thee near,
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly:
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear:
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the rigid sleep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep;
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who near allied;
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare;

On

On whom that ravening brood of fate,
 Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
 Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
 And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
 The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue;
 The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
 Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard*, who first invok'd thy name,
 Disdain'd in Marathon its pow'r to feel:
 For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
 But reach'd from Virture's hands the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
 Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen †
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I known thee by my throbbing heart,
 Thy withering pow'r inspir'd each mournful line;
 Though gentle Pity claim her mangled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

* *Æschylus.*† *Jocasta.*

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou, who such weary length hast pass,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
 Say, wilt thou throw'd in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
 Or in some hollow'd seat,
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
 Dark pow'r, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
 Be mine, to read the visions old,
 Which thy awakening bards have told.

And, least thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad;
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possess'd
 The sacred feat of Shakspeare's breast!
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke!
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel;
 His cypress wreath my meed decree;
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

THE BARD.

By THOMAS GRAY.

L. 1.

‘ **R**UIN seize thee, ruthless king!
‘ Confusion on thy banners wait!
‘ Tho’ fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,
‘ They mock the air with idle state!
‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s twisted mail,
‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!
Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance
To arms! cried Mortimer, and coach’d his quivering
lance.

I. 2

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
Rob’d in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood

(Loose

(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

- ‘ Hark, how each giant-oak and desert-cave
- ‘ Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
- ‘ O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave,
- ‘ Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
- ‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
- ‘ To high born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

- ‘ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
- ‘ That hush'd the stormy main:
- ‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
- ‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
- ‘ Modred, whose magic song
- ‘ Made huge Plimlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
- ‘ On dreary Avon's shore they lie,
- ‘ Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
- ‘ Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
- ‘ The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
- ‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
- ‘ Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
- ‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
- ‘ Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
- ‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep,
- ‘ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
- ‘ I see them sit: they linger yet,
- ‘ Avengers of their native land:

With

- ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ' And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

II. 1.

- " Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
 " Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 " The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring;
 " Shrieks of an agonizing king!
 " She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fang,
 " That tear'd the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 " From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 " The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
 " Amazement in his van with flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

- " Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 " Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the fable warrior fled?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 " The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
 " Gone to salute the rising morn.

" Fair

- " Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
 " Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm ;
 " Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

- " Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell thirst and famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 " Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 " Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way,
 " Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 " And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 " Above, below, the rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread,
 " The bristled boar in infant gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed room,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom,
 " Edward,

III. 1.

- “ Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 “ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 “ Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 “ (The web is wove. The work is down.)”
 “ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
 “ Leave me unblest’d, unpitied, here to mourn :
 “ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 “ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 “ But, oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
 “ Descending flow their glitt’ring skirts unroll;
 “ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
 “ Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 “ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail,
 “ All-hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia’s issue, hail!

III. 2.

- “ Girt with many a baron bold
 “ Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 “ And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 “ In bearded majesty, appear.
 “ In the midst a form divine!
 “ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 “ Her lion-port, her awe commanding face,
 “ Attemper’d sweet to virgin grace.
 “ What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
 “ What strings of vocal transport round her play!
 “ Hear from the grave, great Tal’essin, here;
 “ They breath a soul to animate thy clay.

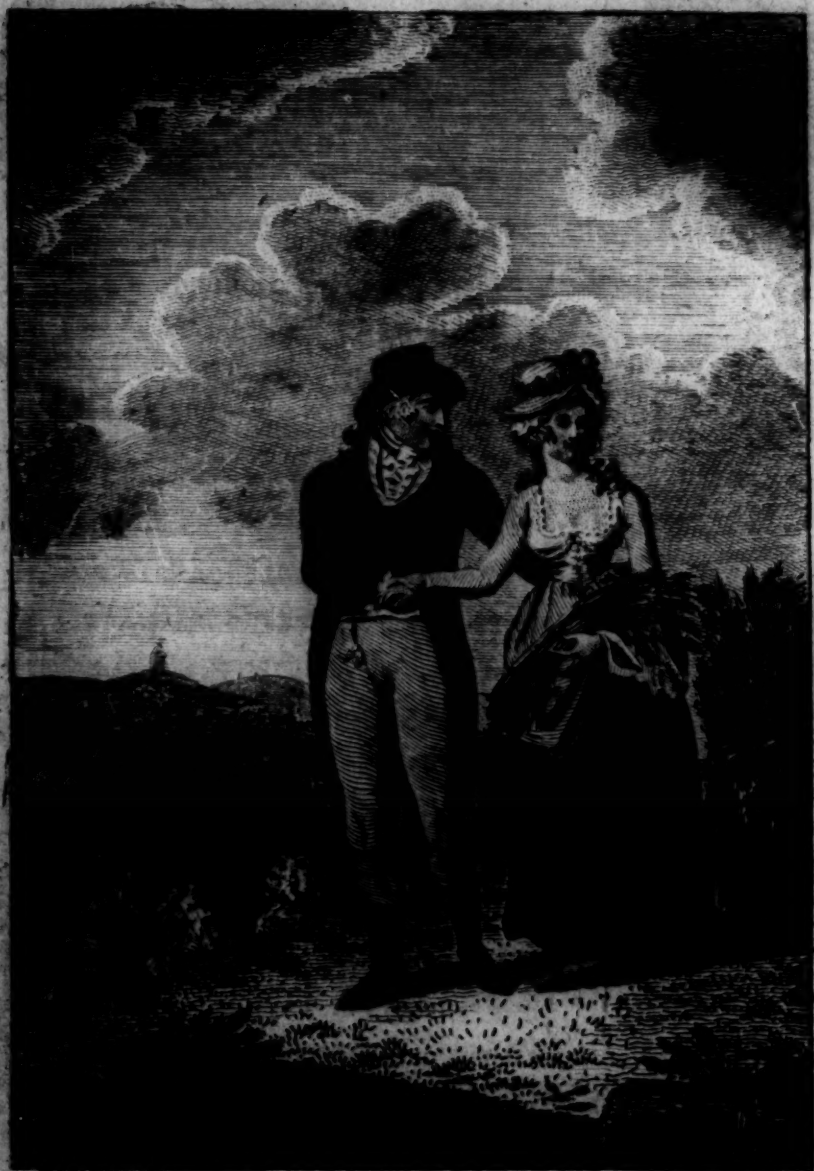
- Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as the fings,
- Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

- The verse adorn again
- Fierce War, and faithful Love.
- And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd,
- In buskin'd measures move
- Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
- With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast,
- A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
- Gales from blooming Eden bear,
- And distant warbling lessen on my ear,
- That lost in long futurity expire.
- Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
- Rais'd by breath, has quench'd the orb of day!
- To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
- And warms the nation with redoubled ray,
- Enough for me: with joy I see
- The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
- Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
- To triumph, and to die, are mine.

He spoke; and, headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

5 00 57



Crusier delin.

Barbier sculp.

*And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er, and o'er
Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once.*

Published as the Act directs, by J. Heath, Royal Court opposite New Street Theatre Royal, May 31, 1794.

PALEMON and LAVINIA,

by James Thomson.

An ESSAY on CRITICISM,

by Alex.^r Pope Esq.^r.

The Vanity of Human Wishes

by Samuel Johnson.

IL PENNEROSO;

by John Milton.

INKLE and YARICO,

&c.

&c.



*Forth from a Thicket rush'd an Indian Maid,
Whom the Hot sun-beams tempted out to rove.*

L O N D O N.

Printed by & for J. Roach Rajad Court opposite New Drury Theatre Royal, 1794.

Price Six Pence.

THE JOURNAL OF HENRI WILSON
BY HENRI WILSON
PUBLISHED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THE
JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
LONDON



THE JOURNAL OF HENRI WILSON
BY HENRI WILSON
PUBLISHED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THE
JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
LONDON

A N
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence,
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own,
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;
Both most alike from heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind ;

Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the flightest sketch, if justly trac'd
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd ;
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd :
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools ;
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defence :
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
 Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last,
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wtlings, num'rous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile :
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal :
 To tell 'em, would an hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's that might an hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bare a critic's noble name :

Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 And mark that point where sense and dullness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts,
 Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more:
 Each might his ~~se~~ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same
 Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides;

In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole.
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;
 Itself unseen, but in the effects remains.
 Some, to whom heav'n in wit has been profuse,
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use !
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed ;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed ;
 The wing'd courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd.
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites.
 When to suppress, and when to indulge our flights :
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod ;
 Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
 The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then criticism the muses handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd :

But

But following wits from that intention stray'd,
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
 Some drily plan, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
 Know well each ancient's proper character;
 His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
 Religion, country, genius of his age:
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night;
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse:
 And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,

Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And, but from nature's fountain, scorn'd to draw :
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design :
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
 To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.
 If, were the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky licence answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly diviate from the common track ;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And scatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its ends at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
 But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Modern, beware! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due Distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive war, and all involving age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!

In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
 Hail, bards triumphant ! born in happier days
 Immortal heirs of universal praise ;
 Whose honours with increafe of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;
 Nations unborn your mighty name shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !
 O may some spark of your celestial fire,
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far pursues your flight ;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own !
 Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind ;
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools,
 Whatexer nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride ;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
 Pride, where wit falls, steps into our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
 If once right reason drives that cloud away.
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself ; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospects tire our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
 A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ,
 Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose for that malignant dull delight
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit,
 But in such lays as ne'ther ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts:
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In every work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles is a praise.
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight they say,
 A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage;

Concluding

Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules,
 Our author happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
 Made him observe the subject and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the list left out.

'What leave the combat out?' exclaims the knight;
 Ye, or we must renounce the Stagirite.

'Not so by heav'n (he answers in a rage)

'Knight's, 'squires, and fleeds, must enter on the stage,
 So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

'Then build anew, or act it on a plain.'

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious not knowing not exact but nice,
 Form short ideas; and offend in arts,
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine.
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing just or fit;
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace.
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd:

Something

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish, thro' excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress;
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent;
The sense, they humble take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place:
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, meer modern in their sense;

Such

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaz'd the unlearn'd, and make the learn'd smile.
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
 These sparks with aukward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ;
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfires, in their doublets dress.
 In words as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old ;
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
 But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :
 In the bright muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire !
 Who haunts Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Nor far the doctrine, but the music there.
 Those equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join ;
 And ten low words oft crept in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find ' the cooling western breeze,'
 In the next line, it ' whispers thro' the trees :'
 In crystal streams ' with pleasing murmurs creep,'

The reader's threaten'd not in vain) with 'sleep,'
 Then at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line.
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join,
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gentle blows
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow:
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize.
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
 While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 New sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

Perfians

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor flood subdu'd by sound !
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extreme; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much,
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shews great pride, or little sense :
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
 As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
 Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.

Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last :
 Tho' each may feel encreases and decays
 And see now clearer and now darker days.
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;
 They reason and conclude by precedent
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dullness joins with quality.
 A constant critic at the great man's board
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
 What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me!
 But let a lord once own the happy lines.
 How the wit brightens! how the stile refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
 The vulgar thus through imitation err;
 As oft the learn'd by being singular:
 So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 By chance got right, they purposely go wrong:
 So scismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they lame at night;
 But always think the last opinion right:
 A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd.
 While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.

Ask them the cause; they're wiser still they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools; so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so:
 Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read;
 Faith, gospel, all, seem made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted:
 Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.
 If faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit:
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind;
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.
 Parties in wit attend on those of state,
 And public faction doubles private hate;
 Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux;
 But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:

Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
 For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
 His praise is lost who flays 'till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
 Our sons their father's failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd,
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand:
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light:
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live;

The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy :
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd :
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please ;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated ; and by knaves undone !

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe !
Of old, those met rewards who could excell,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well ;
Tho' triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down ;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools :
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend,

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
 To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times,
 No pardon vile obscenity shall find,
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth and ease:
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
 When love was all an easy monarch's care;
 Seldom at council, never in a war:
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
 Nay wit had pensions, and young lords had wit:
 The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away;
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following licence of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation:

Where

Where heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there !
 Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, critics ! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join ;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine :
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow ; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense ;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence :
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who if once wrong, will needs be always so ;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true :
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

Without

Without good-breeding truth is disapproved;
That only make superior sense below'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense,
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrants in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Then when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.

What

What crouds of these impenently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 'tis true
 There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
 The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears,
 All books he reads, and all he reads affails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to D'urfey's Tales.
 With him most authors steals their works, or buy ;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets mend ?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard :
 Nay fly to altars ; where they'll talk you dead ;
 Nor fools rush in where angels fear to tread ;
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes ;
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside
 Burst out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide

}
 But

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet too proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
 Nor dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred, and tho' well-bred, sincere;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly prize the merit of a foe?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
 Spreads all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,

Yet

Our critics take a contrary extreme ;
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
 By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line !

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
 The scholar's learning, and the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
 The justest rules, and clearest methods join'd :
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order and dispos'd with grace.
 But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the nine inspire,
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
 An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just :
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws ;
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew ;
 And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew ;
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
 With Tyranny, then superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind ;

Much was believ'd, but little understood ;
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good ;
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
 (The glory of the priesthood, and the shame !)
 Stem'd with wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
 And drove those holy vandals off the stage.

But see ! each muse, in LEO's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
 Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
 Then sculpture and her sister arts revive ;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
 Immortal Vida ; on whose honour'd brow
 The poet's bays, and critic's ivy grow :
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name ;
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame !

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses pass'd
 Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance.
 But critic learning flourish'd most in France ;
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys ;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
 And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd ;

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd wits fundamental laws.
 Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 ' Nature's chief master-piece is writing well,'
 Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood ;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
 Such late was Walsb—the muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend ;
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful muse may give :
 The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing.
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries ;
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew :
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
 Averse alike to flatter or offend :
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

PALEMON AND LAVINIA.

By JAMES THOMSON.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every flay, save innocence and heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a wooden vale ;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd,
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
Almost nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wet's its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,

Of

Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace,
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amidst the close embowering woods,
 As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises far from human eye,
 And breaths its balmy fragrance o'er the wild :
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the gen'rous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye :

Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes, from his gaze;
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modestly conceal'd,
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

- ‘ What pity; that so delicate a form,
- ‘ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
- ‘ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
- ‘ Should be devoted to the rude embrace
- ‘ Of some indecent clown! she looks, methink,
- ‘ Of old Acasto's line: and to my mind
- ‘ Recalls that patron of my happy life,
- ‘ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
- ‘ Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
- ‘ And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
- ‘ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
- ‘ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
- ‘ Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
- ‘ His aged widow and his daughter live,
- ‘ Whom yet my fruitful search could never find.
- ‘ Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!’

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,

Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering transports ran!
 Then blaz'd his smother flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

- ‘ And art thou then Acasto’s dear remains?
- ‘ She whom my restless gratitude has sought
- ‘ So long in vain? O yes! the very same,
- ‘ The soften’d image of my noble friend,
- ‘ Alive, in ev’ry feature, ev’ry look,
- ‘ More elegantly touch’d. Sweeter than spring!
- ‘ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
- ‘ That nourish’d up my fortune! say, ah where,
- ‘ In what sequester’d desert, hast thou drawn
- ‘ The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
- ‘ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair:
- ‘ Tho’ poverty’s cold wind, and crushing rain,
- ‘ Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years!
- ‘ O let me now, into a richer soil.
- ‘ Transplant thee safe; where vernal suns and showers
- ‘ Difuse their warmest, mildest influence;
- ‘ And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
- ‘ It ill befits thee, Oh it ill befits

Acasto’s

- ‘ Acasto’s daughter, his whose open stores,
- ‘ Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
- ‘ The father of a country, thus to pick
- ‘ The very refuse of those harvest fields,
- ‘ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
- ‘ Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
- ‘ But ill apply’d to such a rugged task ;
- ‘ The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
- ‘ If to the various blessings which thy house
- ‘ Has on me lavish’d, thou wilt add that bliss,
- ‘ That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !’

Here ceas’d the youth : yet still his speaking eye
 Express’d the sacred triumph of his soul.
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais’d.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush’d consent,
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc’d with anxious thoughts, she pin’d away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia’s fate ;
 Amaz’d, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz’d her wither’d veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours :
 Nor less enraptur’d than the happy pair ;
 Who flourish’d long in tender bliss, and rear’d
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

THE
VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE
TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LET observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the weary paths without a guide ;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice,
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd ;
When vengeance listens to the fools request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart, —
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art.
With fatal heat, impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;

Impeachment

Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But scarce observ'd the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;
Wide-washing pest ! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
When statues glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord :
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers found,
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee ? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy ;
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade.
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur loads the tainted gales ;

Few knew the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motly life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with various fools th' eternal jest :
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd ;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new made mayor's unweildy state ;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ?
Attentive truth and nature to decry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind ;
How just that scorn ere yet that voice declare.
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants croud Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great :

Delusive

Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning worshipper no more.
 For growing names, the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies :
 From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
 That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
 And smoak'd in kitchen, or in auctions fold,
 To better features yields the frame of gold ;
 For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
 The form distorted justifies the fall,
 And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foes down, or guard her fav'rites zeal ?
 Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings.
 Degrading nobles and controuling kings ;
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
 And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full blown dignity see Wolfey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand ;
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
 Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,

Still

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r :
 Till conquest unresisted teas'd to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly :
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate.
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuse of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine ?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
 For why did Wolsey near the steep of fate,
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?
 Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below ?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ?
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd ?

What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And * Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor Praise relax, Nor Difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;

Yet

* There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon,
built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man
greater than Bacon shall pass over it.

Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee :
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise :
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail :
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes ;
 See when the vulgar 'scape despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent ;
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block :
 Around his tomb let Art and Gènius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirls,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world ;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;

This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm;
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name.
 And mortgag'd states their grandfire's wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
 On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spread her charms in vain;
 • Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till nought remain,
 • On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 • And all be mine beneath the polar sky;
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of Frost;
 He comes, not want and cold his course delay;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:

The

The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait ;
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility, and barbarous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side ;
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way ;
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more ;
 Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe ;
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;

Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæfarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway ;
Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hufar:
And the sons of ravage crowd the war ;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness stands the fatal doom,
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
'And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe ;
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy :
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With listless eyes the dotard views the store.
He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
Nor pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

Approach

Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
 No sounds, alas, would touch the impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest;
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gather'ing sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
 The watchful guests still hunt the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
 But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
 Or view his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant the virtues of a temp'rate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
 An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away;

Whose

Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers ;
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :
 Such age there is, and who could wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes flagging wings ;
 New sorrows rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns,
 Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the scarch descend,
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ?
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face :
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night.
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines,
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
 By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
 Now beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
 And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
 Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
 Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.

Still

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice.
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
 Implore his aid, and his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill :
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat :
 These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

PHILOSOPHY.

By JOHN MILTON.

HOW charming is divine Philosophy !
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns,

INKLE AND YARICO.

MERCATOR * tempted by the happy times,
Quits his own shore for Oriental climes,
With choicest goods his wealthy vessel lades,
And leaves for India's, Britain's cooler shades.
But as, enraptur'd with indulgent gales,
That kiss'd each wave, and swell'd the curling sails,
The vessel drove, a sudden burst of rain
Impetuous ruffled the Cerulean plain ;
Conflicting winds descend with rapid flight,
And, whirl'd in hurricane, tumultuous fight,
Surges on surges, waves on waves arise,
That proudly foam, and blot the azure skies ;
The cordage rattles, and with sails declin'd,
The ship bewilder'd drives before the wind ;
Till weaken'd with th' extremes of Ocean's pow'r,
At last she bulg'd against the Indian shore.
When from an ambush, lo ! encircling round,
A cloud of Indians thicken'd on the ground,
And with barbaric rage, the crew they tore,
Eat of their flesh, and quaff'd the streaming gore—
All but MERCATOR ;—him, lo ! flight unseen
Now saves from death, and from the tragic scene ;
With tim'rous haste amid the woods he flies,
(Fear in his heart, and horror in his eyes)

'Till

* The writer, for poetical reasons, has altered the names to Mercato and Barfina.

'Till spent with weariness, himself he laid
 Beneath a waving elm's embracing shade,
 Where a long range of thiek'ning forests grows,
 And twining boughs a cooling shade compose ;
 Their pleasing charms his restless thoughts controul,
 Soothe his tumultuous breast, and tune his soul.

But lo ! ere gentle sleep had lent her aid,
 Forth from a thicket rush'd an Indian maid,
 Whom the hot sun-beams tempted out to rove
 Thro' the thick mazes of this shady grove.
 Alluring beauty and persuasive grace
 Beam'd in her eye, and brighten'd in her face ;
 Her jetty tresses flowing hung behind,
 And wildly wanton'd in each breeze of wind.

Refulgent jewels plac'd with artless care,
 And shining bugles glitter'd on her hair.
 Whose beams reflect the sun's meridian ray,
 And add new splendour to the blaze of day.

At once they saw, with wonder and surprise;
 Commutual passion darting in their eyes ;
 While from each bosom sympathetic sighs,
 And mutual heavings, mutual tears arise :
 The undistinguish'd forms of speech imparts
 A tort'ring anguish to each longing heart,
 The pow'rs of language too deficient prove
 To shew the thrilling ecstacy of love ;

But souls like theirs, mysteriously wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought.

She led MERCATOR to a friendly shade,
A cooling grotto elegantly made,
Where sweet Sebæan odours' fragrant bloom,
Their smells diffusing round a rich perfume ;
Where hyacinthus, and the purple rose,
A downy bed of various sweets compose.
She plac'd him there, and gave a choice repast.
Substantial food, delicious to the taste ;
And in a curious shell with speed she brings
Transparent water from the limpid springs.—
Oft when the moon, in trembling streams of light,
A paler day shed o'er the gloom of night ;
And when with gentle sighs the ev'ning breeze
Remurmur'd softly thro' the wisp'ring trees,
Pleas'd she would lead him thro' the shady scenes
Of Cassia groves and everlasting greens,
Too anxious lest each gale of breezy air
Should hurt her love, or discompose his hair ;
Or, while he slept, wou'd tune the melting song,
Or modulate the music of her tongue.—

Thus for some months,——
Once, as they walk'd in a sequester'd grove,
And am'rous told the pleasing tale of love,
The Indian maid began, and with a sigh,
That fetch'd a pearly tear into her eye,

Thus spoke (for to express herself she'd found
In English accents and distinguish'd sound)

- Still as I view these ever-pleasing bow'rs,
- Once the dear scenes of thy BARSINA's hours,
- Corroding thoughts and sad reflections rise,
- And all the parent triumphs in my eyes.—
- MERCATOR ! oh, the thought disturbs my rest,
- And spreads its thrilling horrors in my breast.
- Once as I slept beside yon soft cascade,
- While Cynthia's pearly beams around me play'd,
- Sudden appear'd a visionary fair,
- Whose radiant lustre brighten'd all the air ;
- A virgin's vest the blooming phantom wore,
- And in her hand a verdant thyrsus bore ;
- Then wav'd it thrice, and spoke, Unhappy Fair,
- And vanish'd from my sight in fluid air.
- O say, my love, what means this phantom guest,
- And why these horrors in my tortur'd breast ?

She said, and ceas'd ; her lucid eye-balls pour
In chrystal streams the soft distilling show'r,
The salient blood its sprightly course disdains,
And curdling freezes in her icy veins ;
Confusion on her falling spirits hung,
And half-form'd accents flutter'd on her tongue.
Rous'd from this fainting fit, MERCATOR prest
The weeping beauty to his am'rous breast,
And fought by balmy words to calm her fears,
And stem the swelling torrent of her tears ;

' Thus my BARSINA, as I view (he said)
 ' Unrival'd beauties in my lovely maid,
 ' Alas! thy sorrows doubly touch my heart,
 ' With equal grief and sympathizing smart;
 ' Each chrystal tear, with agonizing pains,
 ' Runs thro' my soul, and thrills along my veins.
 ' Heav'n's! shall a nothing, an ideal shade,
 ' Whose poor existence is by fancy made
 ' Diffuse its horrors thro' thy tender breast,
 ' Taint ev'ry thought and discompose thy rest?
 ' Why wast thou born with such a coward mind,
 ' The sport of shadows, or a gale of wind?
 ' Forsake these barb'rous coasts, these savage plains,
 ' Where tyranny and superstition reigns:
 ' This arm shall guard BARSINA from the foe,
 ' Repel each storm, and intercept each blow;
 ' Thou, loveliest of thy sex, in me shall find
 ' A tender parent, and a lover kind,
 ' And in my country, gloriously array'd,
 ' Shalt shine in crimson, or more rich brocade;
 ' And in thy sweet charms with elegance express
 ' All the grand gay variety of drefs.'

These filken words an easy entrance find,
 And charm the poor deluded Indian's mind;
 Frequent she climbs a lofty mountain's brow,
 Her far-stretch'd eye-balls skims the deeps below;
 At length an English ship, by tempest tost,
 For shelter makes th' inhospitable coast;

The Indian sees, and rising joys impart
 A thrilling pleasure to her longing heart ;
 With eager haste, borne on the zephyrs' wings,
 The joyful tidings to MERCATOR brings,
 They both ascend the ship—the azure sea
 Wafes them spontaneous on the chrysal way ;
 The vessel drives, with soft refreshing gales,
 And soon Barbadoes greets the swelling sails.
 No more BARSINA's beauties now can move,
 But av'rice triumphs o'er the ties of love ;
 The wretch, by that destructive passion sway'd,
 To slav'ry sold the hospitable maid.

She heard—and fell reluctant on his breast,
 Embrac'd the wretch, and with fond joys carest—
 Then strove to speak—in vain the accents rise,
 Her fault'ring breath evaporates in sighs ;
 Nature oppress'd grew weak—she swoons—around
 A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound—
 An heart of adamant wou'd melt in woe ;
 And barren rocks in copious torrents flow ;
 Marble wou'd weep, and sympathetic sighs
 Force the pearl dew-drops from Barbarian eyes ;
 But *he*, relentless, fails before the wind,
 And expeditious makes the port assign'd.

IL PENSEROSO.

By JOHN MILTON.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly, without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams.
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy !
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose faintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight ;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseeem ;
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended ;
Yet thou art higher far descended ;

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimm'ring bow'rs and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And locks commercing with the skies,
 The rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with God doth diet,
 And hears the muses in a ring
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing:
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.

But first and chiefest with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheel'd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hill along,
 'Lest Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak ;
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit ;

Where

Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowfy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm:
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshy nook :
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose pow'r hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
 Or else the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy pow'r
 Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarfise,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride ;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not trickt and flounc'd as she was wont,
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud ;
 While rocking winds are piping loud.
 Or usher'd with a shower fill,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves,
 And when the sun begins to fling,
 His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylyan loves,

Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt;
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from the day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood,
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloysters pale,
 And have the high embowered roof
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Calling a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full voic'd quire below,

In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of ev'ry star that Heaven doth shew,
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee would choose to live.

H Y P O C R I S Y.

By JOHN MILTON.

NEITHER man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, thro' heaven and earth;
 And oft tho' Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
 At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
 Relinquishes her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems,

ON

ON FREEDOM.

Written at an Inn.

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flatt'ry, cards and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign;
And ev'ry health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaign;
Such Freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate;
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been;
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

5 00 57



Crossbones Act II.

Bartholomew.

Prohibited as the Act directed, Blench Chapel Court 1794. Near the Theatre Royal, June 30th 1794.

N^o. 12.

ROACH'S BEAUTIES OF THE POETS.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA,

by John Dryden.

Morning and Evening,

by Dr. Gregory.

L'ALLEGRO,

by John Milton.

The City Country Box,

by Robert Lloyd.

The First of April,

by Thomas Warton.

THE NEGRO BOY,

by M. Smollett.

&c.

&c.



*Beneath a Willow, long forsok,
The Fisher seeks his custom'd nook;*

Warton.

L O N D O N.

introd by & printed by J. Roach, Roper's Court opposite New Drury Theatre Royal 1774.

Price Six Pence.



M O R N I N G;
OR, THE
C O M P L A I N T.

By Dr. GREGORY.

FAR from the savage bandit's fierce alarms,
Or distant din of horrid despot's arms,
Tho' Pennsylvania boasts her peaceful plain,
Yet there in blood her petty tyrants reign.

With waving pines tho' vocal woods be crown'd,
And stream-fed vales with living wealth abound,
To golden fields tho' ripening rays descend,
With blushing fruit tho' loaded branches bend;
To those who ne'er must freedom's blessings taste,
'Tis barren all, 'tis all a worthless waste.

While hoarse the cataract murmur'd on the gale,
And chilling dews sweep through the murky dale;
Along the hills the dismal tempest howl'd,
And lightnings flash'd, and deep the thunder roll'd;
Beneath a leafless tree, ere morn arose,
The slave Adala thus laments his woes:
Ye grisly spectres, gather round my seat,
From caves unblest, that wretches groans repeat!
Terrific forms from misty lakes arise!
And bloody meteors threaten thro' the skies!

Oh! curs'd destroyers of our hapless race,
 Of human kind the terror and disgrace!
 Lo! hosts of dusky captives, to my view,
 Demand a deep revenge! demand their due!
 And frowning chiefs now dart athwart the gloom,
 And o'er the salt sea wave pronounce your doom:
 But Gods are just, and oft the stroke forbear,
 To plunge the guilty in tenfold despair.

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
 I pant for freedom and my native plains!

With limbs benumb'd my poor companions lie;
 Oppress'd by pain and want the aged sigh;
 Tho' reedy huts the driving tempest pours,
 Their festering wounds receive the sickly show'rs;
 In mad'ning draughts our lords their senses sleep,
 And doom their slaves to stripes and death in sleep:
 Now, while the bitter blast surrounds my head,
 To times long past my restless soul is led,
 Far, far beyond the azure hills, to groves
 Of ruddy fruit, where beauty fearless roves —
 Of blissful seats! O self-approving joys!
 Nature's plain dictates! ignorance of vice!
 O guiltless hours! Our cares and wants were few,
 No arts of luxury or deceit we knew.
 Our labour, sport—to tend our cottage care,
 Or from the palm the luscious juice prepare;
 To fit indulging love's delusive dream,
 And snare the silver tenants of the stream;

Or

Or (nobler toil !) to aim the deadly blow
 With dex'trous art against the spotted foe ;
 O days with youthful daring mark'd ! 'twas then
 I dragg'd the shaggy monster from his den,
 And boldly down the rocky mountain's side,
 Hurl'd the grim panther in the foaming tide.
 Our healthful sports a daily feast afford,
 And even still found us at the social board.

Can I forget, ah me ! the fatal day,
 When half the vale of peace was swept away !
 Th' affrighted maids in vain the gods implore,
 And weeping view from far the happy shore ;
 The frantic dames impatient ruffians seize,
 And infants shriek, and clasp their mother's knees ;
 With galling fetters soon their limbs are bound,
 And groans throughout the noisome bark resound.
 Why was I bound ? why did not Whydah see
 Adala gain or death or victory !
 No storms arise, no waves revengeful roar,
 To dash the monsters on our injur'd shore.
 Long o'er the foaming deep to worlds unknown,
 By envious winds the bulky vessel's blown,
 While by disease and chains the weak expire,
 Of parch'd endure the slow consuming fire.
 Who'd in this land of many sorrows live,
 Where death's the only comfort tyrants give ?
 Tyrants unblest ! Each proud of strict command,
 Nor age nor sickness holds the iron hand ;

Whose hearts, in adamant involv'd, despise
 The drooping female's tears, the infant's cries,
 From whose stern brows no grateful look e'er beams,
 Whose blushless front nor rape nor murder flames.

Nor all I blame; for Nafsal, friend to peace,
 Thro' his wide pastures bids oppression cease *;
 No drivers goad, no galling fetters bind,
 Nor stern compulsion damps th' exalted mind.
 There strong Arcona's fated to enjoy
 Domestic sweets, and rear his progeny;
 To till his glebe employs Arcona's care,
 To Nafsal's god he nightly makes his prayer;
 His mind at ease, of Christian truths he'll boast —
 He has no wife, no lovely offspring lost.
 Gay his Savannah blooms, while mine appears
 Scorch'd up with heat, or moist with blood and tears.
 Cheerful his hearth in chilling winter burns,
 While to the storm the sad Adala mourns.

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;

□ I pant for freedom and my native plains!

Shall I his holy prophet's aid implore,
 And wait for justice on another shore?
 Or, rushing down yon mountain's craggy steep,
 End all my sorrows in the sullen deep?

A cliff

* The Quakers in America have set free all their Negroes,
 and allow them wages as other servants.

A cliff there hangs in yon grey morning cloud,
 The dashing wave beneath roars harsh and loud —
 But doubts and fears involve my anxious mind,
 The gulph of death once pass'd, what shore we find.
 Dubious, if sent beyond th' expanded main,
 This soul shall seek its native realms again :
 Or if in gloomy mists condemn'd to lie,
 Beyond the limits of yon arching sky.
 A better prospect oft my spirit cheers,
 And in my dream the vale of peace appears,
 And fleeting visions of my former life :
 My hoary fire I clasp, my long-lost wife,
 And oft I kiss my gentle babes in sleep,
 Till with the sounding whip I'm wak'd to weep.

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains ;

I pant for freedom and my native plains!

Chiefs of the earth, and monarchs of the sea,
 Who vaunt your hardy ancestors were free ;
 Whose teachers plead th' oppress'd and injur'd's cause,
 And prove the wisdom of your prophet's laws ;
 To force and fraud if justice must give place,
 You're dragg'd to slav'ry by some rougher race.
 Some rougher race your flocks shall force away,
 Like Afric's sons your children must obey ;
 The very gods that view our constant toil,
 Shall see your offspring till a ruder soil,
 The pain of thirst and pinching hunger know,
 And all the torments that from bondage flow,

When, far remov'd from Christian worlds we prove
The sweets of peace, the lasting joys of love.

But, hark! the whip's harsh echo thro' the trees!
On every trembling limb fresh horrors seize—
Alas! 'tis morn, and here I sit alone—

Be strong, my soul, and part without a groan!
Russians proceed! Adala ne'er shall swerve,
Prepare the rack, and strain each aching nerve!

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;

I pant for freedom and my native plains.

Thou God, who gild'st with light the rising day!
Who life dispenseth by thy genial ray!

Will thy slow vengeance never, never fall,

But undistinguish'd favour shine on all?

O hear a suppliant wretch's last, sad pray'r!

Dart fiercest rage! infect the ambient air!

This pallid race, whose hearts are bound in steel,

By dint of suffering teach them how to feel.

Or, to some despot's lawless will betray'd,
Give them to know what wretches they have made!

Beneath the lash let them resign their breath,

Or court, in chains, the clay-cold hand of death,

Or, worst of ills! within each callous breast,

Cherish uncurb'd the dark internal pest;

Bid Av'rice swell with undiminish'd rage,

While no new worlds th' accursed thirst assuage;

Then bid the monsters on each other turn,

The fury passions in disorder burn;

Bid

Bid discord flourish, civil crimes increase,
 Not one fond wish arise that pleads for peace —
 Till, with their crimes in wild confusion hurl'd,
 They wake t'eternal anguish in a future world.

MEDITATION AND BEAUTY.

By JOHN MILTON.

MUSING Meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits more safe than in a senate-house;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his grey hairs any violence?
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch, with unincharmed eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

EVENING;

EVENING;
OR, THE
FUGITIVE.

By Dr. GREGORY.

MOMBAZE.

SAY whither, wand'rer, points thy cheerless way,
When length'ning shades announce the close of day?
In yon wild waste no friendly roof thou'lt find,
The haunt of serpents, and the savage kind.
And sure resemblance mocks me, or I trace
In thine the semblance of Zamboia's face?
Yet scarce thyself! for in thy alter'd eye
I read the records of hard destiny.
From thy rack'd bosom sighs that ceaseless flow,
A man bespeak thee exercis'd in woe,
Say, then, what chance has burst thy rigid chains,
Has led thee frantic o'er these distant plains?
What potent sorrows can thy peace infest?
What crimes conceal'd prey on thy anxious breast?

ZAMBOIA.

No crimes this heart infest, this hand defile,
Or frantic drive me o'er a foreign soil,

A murder'd

A murder'd wife, and wrongs unmatch'd I mourn,
 And buried joys, that never shall return !
 If then thou'rt tempted by the traitor's meed,
 Take this poor life, and prosper by the deed !

MOMBAZE.

Not the rich produce of Angola's shore,
 Not all the miser's heap'd and glittering store,
 Not all that pride would grasp, or pomp display,
 Should tempt this hand the wretched to betray.
 No traitors dwell within this blest domain,
 The friends of peace we live, a guileless train.
 Grief dims thy eye, or gladly wouldst thou see
 Thy lov'd Mombaze yet survives in me.
 Canst thou forget ? I taught thy youth to dare
 The sylvan herd, and wage the desp'rate war.
 Canst thou forget ? one common lot we drew,
 With thee inchain'd, a captive's fate I knew.
 Distrust me not, but unreserv'd disclose
 The envious tale that in thy bosom glows.
 To part our griefs is oft to mitigate,
 And social sorrow blunt the darts of fate.

ZAMBOIA.

Dear to my sight that form, and doubly dear
 Thy well-known accents meet Zamboia's ear.
 O ! had I died, and left the name of slave
 Deep, deep entomb'd within an early grave !
 O ! had I died, ere ruthless fates constrain,
 With thee enthrall'd, to cross the western main !

O ! to

O! to have met a glorious death in arms,
 And ne'er beheld Melinda's fatal charms!
 Time would be short, and memory would fail,
 To dwell distinctly on the various tale.
 Tedious to tell what treach'rous arts were tried,
 To sooth the smart of still revolting pride.
 I liv'd; and lov'd—then kiss'd the fatal chain;
 No joy but one to cheer a life of pain.
 Yet witness bear, thou dear departed ghost,
 That lonely ro'ft thy Gambia's sacred coast!
 How sweet the toil that met the morning's ray,
 How light the labour that o'erlasted day!
 The reed-built hovel, and the scanty fare,
 Imperial blifs could give, Melinda there!
 Soft was my pillow, on thy gentle breast,
 When o'erprest Nature droop'd in want of rest!
 And if a rebel tear disgrac'd my eye,
 Thine was the tear, and thine the bursting sigh.
 Blifs I could boast, unenvied had it pass'd,
 But blifs too great for hapless slaves to last.

A wretch, who banish'd from his native clime,
 Defil'd with many a black and monstrous crime,
 Presided o'er us, and with iron hand
 Held savage sway o'er all the servile band.
 In him each hellish passion rudely glow'd,
 And cruelty in him most cruel shew'd.
 Him lust infernal, one sad ev'ning, led
 T'invade the chasteness of my marriage bed:

I chanc'd

I chanc'd t'approach—the caitiff I surpris'd —
 My wife preserv'd, and had his guilt chaslis'd ;
 While full with vengeance boil'd my wounded heart :
 But chance reserv'd him for a baser part.
 Meanwhile, o'erjoy'd that vice e'en then had fail'd,
 I blest the gods that innocence prevail'd.

The baffled villain, now a foe profess'd,
 Rolls scenes of blood within his rankling breast ;
 With coward arts he forg'd a crafty tale ;
 And hands unrighteous poise the partial scale :
 Imputed crimes to crush the weak suffice,
 Hearsay is guilt, and damning facts surmise.
 Where uncurb'd will usurps the place of laws,
 No friendly pleader takes the wretch's cause.
 Our tyrant's fears each want of proof supplied,
 We stand condemn'd, unquestion'd, and untried.

O ! had the grief and shame been all my own,
 And the black vengeance lit on me alone !
 But harsher fates a harder curse decreed ;
 These eyes were doom'd to see Melinda bleed.
 I saw her by relentless ruffians bound,
 The brandish'd scourge inflict the mortal wound ;
 Her tender frame abus'd, and mangled o'er,
 I saw her welt'ring in a flood of gore.
 The murd'rous scene had soon a dreadful close —
 And do I live ! and can I speak my woes !
 Her pregnant womb no longer could sustain
 The public shame, and agony of pain ;

A birth

A birth abortive robb'd her of her breath,
 And pangs convulsive seal'd her eyes in death.
 One only pledge my weary soul detains,
 This hapless infant, all that now remains :
 The mournful image of my once-lov'd wife,
 And ties me down awhile to hated life.
 Else this bold hand should liberty restore,
 And my rapt spirit seek a happier shore.
 Thro' devious paths with timid haste we fly,
 Where yon blue mountains meet the bending sky ;
 Nor serpents haunts I dread, nor desarts drear,
 The master-savage, Man, man alone I fear.

MOMBAZE.

Since from our native realms compelled to part,
 Such pointed sorrows have not touch'd my heart.
 Infatiate plunderers! could it not suffice
 To rend, inhuman, all the social ties ?
 From guiltless joys, that bless'd our native soil,
 Dragg'd to a life of misery and toil ;
 Would you yet take the little God has given,
 And intercept the gracious dews of Heaven ?
 Your rage for blood, wild as your thirst of gain,
 Shall no respects, not truths divine, restrain ?
 Th' eternal fabric can a name undo ?
 Is rape and murder sanctified in you ?
 And us, what laws, as impious as severe,
 Forbid the common rites of man to share ?

Didst thou, creative power! thy views confine?
 For one proud race the spacious earth design?
 For them alone does plenty deck the vale,
 Blush in the fruit, and tinge the scented gale?
 For them the seasons all their sweets unfold?
 Blooms the fresh rose, and shines the waving gold?
 O no! all bounteous is thy equal hand,
 And thy fix'd laws irrevocable stand!
 Hapless Zamboia! had it been thy fate
 With me to share my more propitious state;
 Thy soul had breath'd no impious wish to die,
 Nor the big tear had trembled in thine eye.
 Disjoin'd from thee, I too to slav'ry went;
 But Heaven a father, not a master, lent.
 He seems as Virtue's self in mortal guise;
 Tho' wealthy, simple; and tho' modest, wise.
 Blest be the hand that life and freedom gave!
 That pow'r can boast, exerted but to save!
 Blest the sage tongue that stor'd the vacant mind,
 The manners soften'd, and the heart refin'd!
 That, still to Heaven's unerring dictates true,
 Eternal truth unfolded to our view!
 But, come! thy faint and weary limbs repose,
 Forgetful of thy fears, thy griefs compose;
 By morning's dawn with earnest foot I speed,
 Nor sleep these eyes till I behold thee freed.
 Some wealth I have; and did I prize it more,
 Well spar'd for this I deem'd the sacred store.

So talk'd these friends, and to the cottage haste;
 While sad Zamboia his pursuers trac'd.
 The ruffian band arrest the hapless swain,
 And pray'rs, and tears, and promises are vain:
 Their vengeful fervour, no—not gifts abate;
 But, bound in chains, they drag him to his fate*.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

By JOHN MILTON.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honour'd
 The labour of an age in piled stones, [bones
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a flarry-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst to th' flame of slow-endavouring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our Fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp doth lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

* A higher reward is generally offered for the head of a fugitive negro, than for bringing him alive.

L ' A L L E G R O.

By JOHN MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
Find out some uncouth cell, [unholy,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven 'yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,

Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair ;
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides :
 Come and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unprov'd pleasures free ;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine ;
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And

And to the flack or the barn-door
 Stoutly struts his dames before ;
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of this hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Some time walking not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight :
 While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower wets his scythe,
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye has caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landskip round it measures ;
 Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high on tufted trees.

Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
 With Thesylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks found
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checquer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
 And by the frier's lanthorn led;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

When

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down, the lubbar fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tow'rd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And

And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian cares,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

L O V E.

By EDWARD YOUNG.

LOVE calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty;
 Those eyes that tell us what the sun is made of;
 Those lips whose touch is to be bought with life!
 Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;
 All the possess are nought, but as they are
 The proof, the substance, of an inward passion,
 And the rich plunder of a taken heart,

CYMON

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

Poeta Loquitur.

OLD as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit. }
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine ;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace, }
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense !
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought,
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal ;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some delight ;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain :
And teaches more in one explaining page
Than all the double-meanings of the stage.

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean ?
We were at worst but wanton ; he's obscene,
I not my fellows nor myself excuse ;
But Love's the subject of the comic Muse ;

Not

Nor can we write without it, nor would you
 A tale of only dry instruction view;
 Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
 But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind;
 Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
 And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
 Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
 With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
 Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
 The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
 To lib'ral arts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
 Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold;
 The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
 And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
 Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
 In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
 When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

IN that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
 And ev'ry grace, and all the loves, resort;
 Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
 And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
 There liv'd a Cyprian lord above the rest
 Wife, wealthy, with a num'rous issue blest:
 But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
 Was only wanting in a worthy heir.
 His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
 Excell'd the rest in shape and outward shew;
 Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
 But of a heavy, dull, degen'rate mind.

His foul belyed the features of his face ;
 Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace :
 A clownish mein, a voice with rustic sound,
 And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
 He look'd like nature's error ; as the mind
 And body were not of a piece design'd,
 But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
 Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair ;
 The more inform'd, the less he understood ;
 And deeper sunk in floundering in the mud.
 Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
 The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
 And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute ;
 So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labour lost,
 And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
 Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
 And loath'd to see what nature made him love ;
 So to his country farm the fool confin'd ;
 Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
 Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
 A 'squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banishment,
 His corn and cattle were his only care,
 And his supreme delight a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer holiday,
 That to the green-wood shade he took his way !
 For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not much to
 pray.

His

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he fought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,

The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd ;

Where, in a plain defended by the wood,

Crept through the matted grass a chyrstal flood,

By which an alabaſter fountain flood ;

And on the margin of the fount was laid

(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.

Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport,

To rest by cool Eurotas they resort :

The dame herself the goddesses well express'd,

Not more distinguish'd by her purple veil,

Than by the charming features of her face,

And ev'n in slumber a superior grace ;

Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,

Her body shaded with a slight cymarr ;

Her bosom to the view was only bare :

Where two beginning paps were scarcely 'spied,

For yet their places were but signified :

The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,

To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose ;

The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her
repose.

The fool of nature flood with stupid eyes,

And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,

Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
 New as he was to love, and novice to delight :
 Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
 His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh :
 Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring sense,
 First found his want of words, and fear'd offence :
 Doubted for what he was he should be known,
 By his clown accent, and his country tone.
 Through the rude chaos thus the running light
 Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night :
 Then day and darkness in the mafs were mix'd,
 Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd :
 Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
 Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around the year.
 So reason in this brutal soul began,
 Love made him first suspect he was a man ;
 Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound ;
 By love his want of words and wit he found ;
 That sense of want prepared the future way
 To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.
 What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
 Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
 The best instructor, love, at once inspir'd,
 As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd :
 Love taught him shame ; and shame, with love at strife,
 Soon taught the sweet civilities of life ;
 His gross material soul at once could find
 Somewhat in her excelling all her kind ;

Exciting a desire till then unknown,
 Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
 This made the first impression on his mind,
 Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
 For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
 Nor their own liking by reflection know ;
 Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
 Or judge of this or that peculiar grace ;
 But love in gross, and stupidly admire :
 As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
 Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
 First likes the whole, then separates what he sees ;
 On sev'ral parts a sev'ral praise bestows ;
 The ruby lips, the well-proportioned nose,
 The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
 The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
 And, ev'n in sleep itself a smiling air. }
 From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
 Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breast.
 Long on the last he dwelt, though ev'ry part
 A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown
 (A judge erected from a country clown)
 He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
 And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid :
 He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought,
 And love new-born the first good manners taught.
 And awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
 Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.

For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
 Excelling all the rest of human race.
 And things divine, by common sense he knew,
 Must be devoutly seen, at distant view :
 So checking his desire, with trembling heart,
 Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart ;
 Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
 Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
 But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day. }
 At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
 (So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
 Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd.
 While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.

The slav'ring cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
 Stood ready gaping, with a grinning laugh,
 To welcome her awake ; nor durst begin
 To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
 Then she : What makes you, Cymon, here alone ?
 (For Cymon's name was round the country known
 Because descended of a noble race,
 And for a soul ill-sorted with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
 With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
 And in his breast receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
 A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
 But, conscious of her form, with quick distrust
 She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust :

This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And, rising hastily, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid,
To see her safe ; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair ;
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn ;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd : the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his fire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire :
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate his mind :
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd ;
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd ;
In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd :

Inspir'd

Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please ;
 He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease ;
 More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
 Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
 But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay,
 A load too heavy for his soul to move,
 Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love.
 Love made an active progress thro' his mind,
 The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
 The drowsy wak'd; and, as he sent, impress'd
 The Maker's image on the human breast.
 Thus was the man amended by desire,
 And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
 His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
 And lik'd an error of the better hand ;
 Excus'd th' excess of passion in his mind,
 By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd :
 So Cymon, since his fire indulg'd his will,
 Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still ;
 Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
 The name of fool, confirm'd and bishop'd by the fair.

To Cipseus by his friend his suit he mov'd,
 Cipseus, the father of the fair he lov'd ;
 But he was pre-engaged by former tie,
 While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise :
 And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
 Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse :

Her fire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
 Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
 Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
 Though better lov'd he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship already sent,
 Did all his tardy diligence prevent :
 Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
 While stormy Cymon thus in secret said :
 The time is come for Iphigene to find
 The miracle she wrought upon my mind ;
 Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
 In rank shall place me with the blest above.
 For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
 Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.
 Resolv'd he said : and rigg'd with speedy care
 A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
 The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd ;
 And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.
 Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
 Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore ;
 Nor long expected, for the following tide
 Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
 When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
 And stopp'd her flight ; then, standing on his prow,
 In haughty terms he thus defied the foe :

Or

Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
 To prove the last extremities of war.
 Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide ;
 Already were the vessels side by side ;
 These obdurate to save, and those to seize the bride.
 But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
 Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
 And, arm'd with sword and shield amid the press he pass'd }
 Fierce was the fight ; but, hast'ning to his prey,
 By force the furious lover freed his way :
 Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
 The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew.
 Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd ;
 He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.

His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
 And cast the weapons at the victor's feet,
 Whom thus he cheer'd : O Rhodian youth, I fought
 For love alone, nor other booty fought :
 Your lives are safe ; your vessel I resign ;
 Yours be your own, restoring what is mine ;
 In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
 Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you.
 Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
 The parent could not sell the daughter's love ;
 Or, if he could, my love disdains the laws,
 And, like a king, by conquest gains his cause :
 Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain ;
 Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain ;

You,

You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.

Fear on th' conquer'd side soon sign'd th' accord;
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd :

While to his arms the blushing bride he took;

To seeming sadness she compos'd her look ;

As if by force subjected to his will,

Tho' pleas'd dissembling, and a woman still.

And (for she wept) he wip'd her falling tears,

And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears ;

For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd

Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,

Than he to whom your formal father tied

Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.

Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,

As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.

Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd

She rather would be thought, than was, distress'd,

Who now exults but Cymon in his mind ?

Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,

Proud of the present, to the future blind !

Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea,

And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,

Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,

When, like a fiery meteor, sunk the sun,

The promise of a storm ; the shifting gales

Forfake by fits, and fill the flagging sails ;

Hoarse

Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
 And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
 But all at once; at once the winds arise,
 The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies,
 In vain the master issues out commands,
 In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands;
 The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
 And from the first they labour in despair.
 The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides,
 Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,
 Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots amain,
 Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again,
 Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
 Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest hell,
 Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
 Now curs'd the more, the more he had been blest;
 More anxious for her danger than his own,
 Death he defies, but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
 Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
 Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent;
 But, since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
 Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
 Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
 She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
 Augments her anger as her fears increase;
 From her own back the burden would remove,
 And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,

Which

Which interposing durst, in Heaven's despite,
 Invade and violate another's right :
 The pow'rs incens'd awhile deferr'd his pain,
 And made him master of his vows in vain :
 But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride ;
 That for his daring enterprize she died,
 Who rather not resisted than complied.

Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense
 She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
 Sex to the last : meantime, with sails declin'd,
 The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind :
 Toss'd and re-toss'd, aloft, and then below,
 Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
 But every moment wait the coming blow.
 Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
 The lands before them, and their fears renew'd ;
 The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
 The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near ; to this they bent,
 And just escap'd ; their force already spent :
 Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
 The land unknown at leisure they survey ;
 And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
 The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view ;
 And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
 Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.

The frighted sailors tried their strength in vain
 To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main ;

But

But the stiff wind withstood the lab'ring oar;
 And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
 The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
 And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land,
 Yet still they might be safe, because unknown;
 But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
 The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
 Already shelter'd on their native shore;
 Known each, they know, but each with change of cheer;
 The vanquish'd side exults, the victor's fear;
 Not them but theirs, made pris'ners ere they fight,
 Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
 And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
 Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expence;
 In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
 Stout once a month they march, a bluff'ring band;
 And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
 This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
 Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
 Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
 Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
 Themselves so many, and their foes so few:
 But, crowding on, the last the first impel;
 Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
 Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun;
 And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast;
 Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast;
 His life was only spar'd at their request,
 Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd;
 But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
 Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
 While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
 But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
 So passive is the church of womankind.
 What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
 Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
 It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
 Or raise him upward to his former height;
 The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
 Prepar'd th' amends for what by love he lost.

The fire of Pasimond had left a son,
 Though younger, yet for courage early known,
 Ormisda call'd, to whom by promise tied,
 A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;
 Cassandra was her name, above the rest
 Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply blest.
 Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
 Was then by choice their annual magistrate;
 He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
 But fortune had not favour'd his desire,
 Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
 Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd:

So flood th' affair; some little hope remain'd,
That, should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Meantime would Pasimond his marriage press'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lyfimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and studied quick relief;
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd;
For, when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd:
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his hand,
By force to seize, and then forsake the land.
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move;
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd; but, after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and 'scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, tho' Heaven sometimes may bless
An impious act with undeserv'd success;

The great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
 To punish all injustice but their own ;
 But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
 Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed :
 For crimes are but permitted, not decreed. }

Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent
 To find the means that might secure th' event ;
 Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
 In captive Cymon found the friend he sought ;
 Th' example pleas'd ; the cause and crime the same ;
 An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
 How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
 The less he had to lose, the less he car'd,
 To manage loathsome life when love was the reward. }

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
 In depth of night he for the pris'ner sent ;
 In secret sent, the public view to shun,
 Then, with a sober smile, he thus begun :
 The pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
 Their gifts and graces on mankind below.
 Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
 To such as are not worthy to receive ;
 For valour and for virtue they provide
 Their due reward, but first they must be tried :
 These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd ;
 'Twas yours t'improve the talent they bestow'd :
 They gave you to be born of noble kind,
 They gave you love to lighten up your mind,

And

And purge the grosser parts ; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
The grain entrusted in a grateful ground ;
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd,
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone ;
And, when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be ; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd ;
Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine,
Your rival Pafimond pursues your life ;
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
But yet not his ; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one hand has join'd ;
Two brothers are our foes ; Ormisdal mine,
As much declar'd as Pafimond is thine ;
To-morrow must their common vows be tied :
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead ;
'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed ;
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight ;
And let the losers talk in vain of right :
We with the fair will sail before the wind ;
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.

Speak thy resolves ; if now thy courage droop,
 Despair in prison, and abandon hope :
 But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain
 (For liberty without thy love were vain)
 Then second my design to seize the prey.
 Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the way.

Said Cymon, overjoy'd, Do thou propose
 The means to fight, and only shew the foes :
 For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
 Resolv'd, I left the care of life behind.

To this the bold Lyfimachus replied :
 Let Heaven be neuter, and the sword decide ;
 The spousals are prepar'd, already play
 The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day :
 By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dress'd :
 All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
 All but myself, the sole unbidden guest. }
 Unbidden though I am, I will be there ;
 And join'd by thee, intend to 'joy the fair.

Now hear the rest : when day resigns the light,
 And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
 Be ready at my call ; my chosen few
 With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew,
 Then, ent'ring unexpected, will we seize
 Our destin'd prey from men dissolv'd in ease,
 By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight ;
 And, hast'ning to the seas, suborn our flight :

The

The seas are ours, for I command the fort ;
 A ship well-mann'd expects us in the port.
 If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
 Death shall attend the man who dares resist.

It pleas'd ! the prisoner to his hold retir'd ;
 His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
 All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.
 The sun arose ; the streets were throng'd around,
 The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
 The double bridegroom at the door attends
 Th' expected spouse, and entertains his friends ;
 They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
 The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.
 This done, they feast, and at the close of night
 By kindled torches vary their delight ;
 These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming
 bowls invite.

Now at th' appointed place and hour assign'd,
 With souls resolv'd, the ravishers were join'd ;
 Three bands are form'd ; the first is sent before
 To favour the retreat, and guard the shore ;
 The second at the palace gate is plac'd,
 And up the lofty stairs ascend the last ;
 A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
 But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
 And find the feast renew'd, the table spread ;

Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
 Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
 When, like the harpies, rushing through the hall;
 The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
 Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown ;
 Each ravisher prepares to seize his own ;
 The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
 Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place,
 Quick to redeem their prey their plighted lords
 Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain ;
 The rape is made, the ravishers remain ;
 Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
 To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore :
 The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
 With forward faces not confessing fear :
 Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend ;
 Then seek the stairs, and with flow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
 Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent ;
 The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent. }
 Stout Cymon soon re-mounts, and cleft in two
 His rival's head with one descending blow ;
 And as the next in-rank Ormilda flood,
 He turn'd the point ; the sword, inur'd to blood, }
 Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple flood. }
 With vow'd revenge the gath'ring crowd pursues ;
 The ravishers turn head; the fight renews ;

The

The hall is heap'd with corps: the sprinkled gore
Besmeares the walls, and floats the marble floor.

Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,

The victors to their vessel bear the prize ;

And hear behind loud groans and lamentable cries. }

The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,

Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea, }

While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.

What should the people do when left alone ?

The governor and government are gone.

The public wealth to foreign parts conveyed ;

Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.

Rhodes is the sov'reign of the sea no more ;

Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store ;

They neither could defend, nor can pursue,

But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a hapless view :

In vain with darts a distant war they try,

Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.

Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,

And flying sails and sweeping oars employ :

The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost ;

Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,

With gen'rous wines their spirits they restore ;

There Cymon with his Rhodian friends resides,

Both court and wed at once the willing brides.

A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,

Stiff to defend their hospitable laws ;

Both

Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,
 Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
 The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
 But a short exile must for show precede ;
 The term expir'd, from Candia they remove ;
 And happy each at home enjoys his love.

W O R T H.

By Dr. YOUNG.

WORTH, conscious worth ! should absolutely reign ;
 And other joys ask leave for their approach ;
 Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
 Thou art all anarchy ; a mob of joys
 Wage war, and perish in intestine broils ;
 Not the least promise of eternal peace !
 No bosom-comfort, or unborrow'd blifs !
 Thy thoughts are vagabonds ; all outward bound,
 'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruize for pleasure ;
 If gain'd, dear bought ; and better mis'd than gain'd,
 Much pain must expiate what much pain procur'd.
 Fancy and sense, from an infected shore,
 Thy cargo bring ; and pestilence the prize.
 Then such thy thirst (insatiable thirst !
 By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more)
 Fancy still cruizes when poor sense is tir'd.

T H E
N E G R O B O Y .

By Mr. SAMWELL.

An African Prince, lately arrived in England, having been asked what he had given for his watch? answered, "What I will never give again: I gave a fine boy for it."

I.

WHEN avarice enslaves the mind,
And selfish views alone bear sway,
Man turns a savage to his kind,
And blood and rapine mark his way.
Alas! for this poor simple toy,
I sold a blooming Negro Boy.

II.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Tho' black, yet comely to the view,
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew.
To fiends, that Afric's coast annoy,
I sold the blooming Negro Boy.

From

III.

From country, friends, and parents torn,
 His tender limbs in chains confin'd,
 I saw him o'er the billows borne,
 And mark'd his agony of mind.
 But still to gain this simple toy,
 I gave away the Negro Boy.

IV.

In isles that deck the western wave,
 I doom'd the hapless youth to dwell,
 A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,
 A beast that Christians buy and sell;
 And in their cruel talks employ
 The much-enduring Negro Boy.

V.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
 Shall long explore the distant main,
 In hopes to see the youth return,
 But all their hopes and sighs are vain.
 They never shall the sight enjoy
 Of their lamented Negro Boy.

VI.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command
 He wears away his youthful prime,
 Far distant from his native land,
 A stranger in a foreign clime.

No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor, dejected Negro Boy.

VII.

But HE who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
Or wing the lightning through the sky;
In his own time will sure destroy
The oppressors of a Negro Boy.

VIRTUE AND EVIL.

By JOHN MILTON.

VIRTUE may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;—
But Evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

TO MR. SKINNER,

SURGEON OF THE AMPHION,

*Who, while lying at SPITHEAD, during the Spanish Armament
in the Year 1790, desired me to answer one of his Letters
in Verse.*

By Mr. SAMWELL.

SON of Apollo, held in double fee,
In right of phyfic and of poesy,
Why at this hostile, unpoetic time,
Instead of reason, do you ask for rhyme?

Verse at Spithead, where Britain's thunders float,
Will not be deem'd by Parsons worth a groat*,
And shew me one of phyfic's sapient throng,
Who'd not prefer his two-pence to a song,
Who'd not prefer the care of other fire,
To that which animates the Muse's lyre.

Will Surgeon's Mate, when fever runs sinister,
Twinge with remorse, a patient's head to blister,
Or feel his heart grow softer than the Mewstone†,
When sailors sing, 'Dear doctor no more blue-stone?'

Altho'

* Chaplains of men-of-war have four-pence a-month from
each man, and Surgeons two-pence.

† Mewstone, a rock near Plymouth.

Altho' the Muse should soar to Pindus' heights,
 Would Purfers listen and increase their weights,
 Or would a sailor, unpoetic dog,
 Give ear a moment when they serve out grog?

Will the ship's Butcher, stung by music, weep,
 And hesitate to kill the gun-room sheep,
 Or say would you, to save his soul from grief,
 Instead of mutton, dine on Irish beef?
 No:—tho' Amphion struck the deep-ton'd shell,
 And Orpheus fiddled to the devil in hell.

Then since the maids of Pindus fly afar
 From all the pomp and circumstance of war,
 Forgive a Cambrian Bard tho' he refuse
 In these bold times to court the bashful Muse.
 You'll find when once the haughty Dons we meet,
 There's rhyme and reason in the British fleet.

Should you once more with science in your hand,
 Visit our attic storied in the Strand,
 My Muse again shall sing both loud and clear
 Another Ode * against another year.
 For the Reviewers, tho' I wrote in haste,
 Approv'd my Ode—and I approve their taste.

* Alluding to an Ode on the New Year, published in 1790.

T H E
CIT'S COUNTRY BOX.

By ROBERT LLOYD.

Vos sapere, et solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidus fundata pecunia villis. HORACE.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare ;
While, wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
"How all the country seems to smile !"
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather ;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for every house she sees ;
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration :
"What signifies the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health ?

Lucife

Excuse the fondness of a wife,
 Who doats upon your precious life!
 Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
 Is more than human strength can bear:
 One may observe it in your face —

Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise and country air.

Sir Traffick has a house, you know,
 About a mile from Cheney-Row:
 He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
 But not so warm, my dear, as you:
 And folks are always apt to sneer —

One would not be out-done, my dear!"

Sir Traffick's name, so well applied,
 Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason;
 And by th' approaching summer season
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four miles out of town
 (An hour's ride will bring you down)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road;
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it ev'ry day:

And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have a house so near the city !
 Take but your places at the Boar,
 You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past ;
 Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
 With all the fufs of moving over :
 Lo ! a new heap of whims are bred,
 And wanton in my lady's head !

“ Well ! to be sure, it must be own'd,
 It is a charming spot of ground ;
 So sweet a distance for a ride,
 And all about so country fied ;
 'Twould come but to a trifling price
 To make it quite a paradise !
 I cannot bear those nasty rails,
 Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales :
 Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
 We build a railing all Chinese ;
 Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
 'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd :
 One hardly any object sees —
 I wish you'd fell these odious trees,
 Objects continual passing by,
 Were something to amuse the eye ;
 But to be pent within the walls,
 One might as well be at St. Paul's.

Our house beholders would adore,
 Was there a level lawn before,
 Nothing its views to incommode,
 But quite laid open to the road ;
 While ev'ry traveller, in amaze,
 Should on our little mansion gaze ;
 And pointing to the choice retreat,
 Cry—' That's Sir Thrifty's country seat !'

No doubt her arguments prevail,
 For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age ! when all men may procure
 The title of a connoisseur :
 When noble and ignoble herd
 Are govern'd by a single word ;
 Tho', like the royal German dames,
 It bears an hundred Christian names —
 As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Gout,
 Whim, Caprice, Je ne sçai quoi, Virtue :
 Which appellations all describe
 TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
 With Chinese artists and designers,
 Produce their schemes of alteration,
 To work this wond'rous reformation.
 The useful dome, which secret flood,
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
 The traveller with amazement sees
 A temple Gothic or Chinese,

With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
 And crested with a sprawling dragon ;
 A wooden arch is bent allrude
 A ditch of water, four feet wide,
 With angles, curves, and zig-zag lines,
 From Halfpenny's exact designs :
 In front a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green ;
 Where Taste would want its first great law,
 But for the skulking, fly ha-ha ;
 By whose miraculous assistance
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.
 And now from Hyde-park Corner come
 The gods of Athens and of Rome.
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus, and the clumsy Graces ;
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever ;
 And there, without the pow'r to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
 All own, that Thrifty has a taste ;
 And Madam's female friends and cousins,
 With common-council men, by dozens,
 Flock every Sunday to the seat,
 To stare about them, and to eat.

ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF STERNE

IN COMPANY WITH A WELSH BARD,

(*Mr. Edward Williams.*)

By Mr. SAMWELL.

WITH sacred awe, with kind concern,
We view the spot where Yorick lies,
Here Friendship still shall visit Sterne,
And tears shall fill affection's eyes.

II.

Silent upon thy grave we stand,
And muse upon the dust beneath——
The fairest flower from Nature's hand,
Now withering in the shade of the death.

III.

When evening dews thy turf so green,
Humanity, with gentle tread,
And bright-eyed genius oft are seen
Weeping beside thy earthy bed.

IV.

Those dear companions of thy way,
Altho' from death they could not save,
Yet here their vows they duly pay,
And bid remembrance haunt thy grave.

Maria's

V.

Maria's shade, with pious care,
 By Cynthia's light shall hither come,
 And watch the spring, with fingers fair,
 Decking with flowers thy simple tomb.

VI.

While there, with pilgrim step, shall stray
 Around thy place of endless rest ;
 We check the fond complaint, and say —
 ' Sure thou art number'd with the blest.'

S P I R I T S.

By JOHN MILTON.

— SPIRITS when they please
 Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure ;
 Nor tied or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh ; but in what shape they choose,
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.

T H E
FIRST OF APRIL.

By *THOMAS WARTON.*

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woo
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boist'rous boy the Fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.
Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The fleecy storm returning still,
The morning hoar and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound;
Scarce a sickly straggling flow'r
Decks the rough castle's rifted tow'r:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled sleeps:
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale:

While

While from the shrubb'ry's naked maze,
 Where the vegetable blaze
 Of Flora's brightest broidery shone,
 Ev'ry checquer'd charm is flown;
 Save that the liliac hangs to view
 Its burbling gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
 The beans their new-born ranks expand:
 The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blade
 Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
 Fringing the forests devious edge,
 Half-rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge:
 Or to the distant eye displays
 Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
 Skims in haste the village green:
 From the grey moor, on feeble wing,
 The screaming plovers idly spring:
 The butterfly, gay painted soon,
 Explores awhile the tepid noon,
 And fondly trusts its tender dies
 To fickle suns and flatt'ring skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen show'r,
 If a cloud should haply lowr,
 Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
 Mute on a sudden is the lark;
 But when gleams the sun again
 O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,

And

And from behind his wat'ry veil
 Looks through the thin-descending hail,
 She mounts, and, less'ning to the sight,
 Salutes the blithe return of light,
 And high her tuneful track pursues
 Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
 Widely waving oaks inclose
 The moat of yonder antique hall,
 Swarm the rooks with clamorous call ;
 And, to the toil of nature true,
 Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
 The lonely poet loves to mark
 How various greens in faint degrees
 Tinge the tall groups of various trees :
 While, careless of the changing year,
 The pine Cerulean, never fear,
 Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
 And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
 Where Glym's low banks neglected smile ;
 And each trim meadow still retains
 The wintry torrent's oozy stains :
 Beneath a willow, long forfok,
 The fisher seeks his custom'd nook ;
 And burbling thro' the crackling sedge
 That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
 He startles from the bordering wood
 The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs, with faltering pace,
And with eager blyatings fill
The fofs that skirts the beaçon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play ;
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pride
Of a green dingle's flogging fide :
While far beneath, where nature freads
Her boundlefs length of level meads,
In loofe luxuriance taught to ftray
A thoufand tumbling rills inlay
With filver veins the vale, or pafs
Redundant thro' the fparkling grafs.

Yet, in thefe prefages rude,
Midft her penfive folitude, **5, 00 57**
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance ;
The field, the foreft, green and gay,
The dappled flope, the tedded hay ;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harveft wave, the vintage flow ;
Sees June unfold his gloffy robe
Of thoufand hues o'er all the globe ;
Sees Ceres grafp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.